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MAUD.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

Shy—because of loving so—
Maud and I grew up together,
In the "years and years ago."
Pleasant fell the sunny weather,
Over hills and uplands bright
Flowed the sea of summer light,
And the meadows at our feet
Ne'er before were half so sweet
As when—with the blue above—
Softly told I all my love.

Maud stood silent—with a smile—
Though she touched my hand demurely,
But her eyes said, all the while—
"Willie, do you mean it surely?"
With a lover's subtle art,
I had long divined her heart
By the pulses of the rain,
Throbbing on the casement-pane,
And her blushes rise and fall,
By the roses on the wall.

Maud had a bewildering way—
She was small, and pale, and slender—
Noiseless as a wind in May;
And her blue eyes with the splendor
Of old dreams were dark and grave—
(Like the eyes sad poets have).
As in old cathedrals shine
Glimpses of the life divine,
So the spirit's infinite
Mystery touched her brow with light.

Down her shoulders statuesque,
Flowed her locks in dusky showers,
Crowned with summer's arabesque
Of rare purple buds and flowers—
As the firelight's pleasant glow
Strikes across the twilight snow—
As the frozen glaciers shine,
Dashed with sunset's rosy wine,
So her nature's tender grace
Overflowed her virgin face.

Sixteen years grew "little Maud,"
Then, one twilight I remember,
On her new grave's broken sod
Trailed the black locks of November;
And I heard the bitter rain,
Wildly driving on the pane,
And on withered meadows beat,
Like a sound of marching feet,
That had slowly gone that way,
Bearing little Maud that day.

Baby-hands are clasping mine—
Blessed Maud! look out of heaven!
All those darling ways of thine
To this sweet one have been given;
"Maud," we call her, and the name
Thrills me evermore the same
As when in that sunny weather
Thou and I were pledged together;
And from out my yearning heart,
Never, never shall depart,
Till life's solemn work is done,
Maud the lost—and Maud the won.

Claremont Hall, near Baltimore.
January 1st, 1859.

THE TRAITOR FOILED;

A LEGEND OF SAINTE-BARBE.

I.

It was the 5th of July, 1839, a glorious summer day, when the Turkish fleet lay at anchor in the Dardanelles. Above the other vessels towered the *Montebello*, once a French ship-of-the-line, but sold some years previously to Sultan Mahmud by Louis Philippe, to serve as a model ship. She had not only retained her original name, but there were many other marks of her nationality to be noticed, which reminded a visitor of la belle France. A large portion of the crew had entered the Turkish service, and instructed the Turkish sailors, who assuredly required the lesson. The present captain had been second lieutenant in the old times: he was an excellent sailor, educated at the naval school at Brest, and so attached to the old hooker, that he could not bear to part from her. Hence, with the permission of the Prince de Joinville, he had entered the Turkish service, where he held the rank of bey, and was known as Rifaat Bey, although the French sailors called him, as before, Captain Sanglade. The oldest inhabitant on board the *Montebello* was the gunner, Pierre Selevre, who had really grown up with the ship. He knew her while still on the stocks, and had watched, with growing interest, her gradual conversion into a noble man of-war. While she was building, it was his delight to visit every portion of her, and his ambition was to take the first voyage in her. At length she was all ready for sea, and was intended to fight the English. Lists were opened, and volunteers asked to join her at Toulon. You may be quite sure our Pierre was one of the first at the office, and his wishes were gratified—he joined the *Montebello*.

There was one gloomy spot in the gigantic ship which Pierre watched with jealous glances of affection. It was a dangerous place, but that enhanced the charm. It was at the very bottom of the hold, far below the water-line, and carefully separated from the rest of the ship by iron-plated doors: a lantern, that stood in a vessel of water, was the only light, and this could only be opened and trimmed from the outside. It was a gloomy spot, and Sainte-Barbe (as the men had christened the magazine) was a name on board the *Montebello*, which made even the most courageous man feel uncomfortable. Pierre, however, delighted in the magazine, and as he earnestly requested the post of gunner, he soon received the keys, and became sole lord of this dark and dangerous spot. As gunner of the *Montebello Pierre* had visited every part of the globe. The *Montebello* was launched in 1781, and in 1837, when she was handed over to the Turkish commission at Smyrna, he was still gunner, though seventy-five years of age. He had gone through many perils; the worst of all, perhaps, when the *Trocadero* blew up, and hurled a mass of fire on board the sister ship. So long as the danger lasted, Pierre stood at his post, but when the fire was extinguished he sank down in a fit, and it was a long time before he could leave the hospital.

There were two great days in Pierre's life: one, when he received the cross of the Legion for his fifty years' service; the other, when the Prince de Joinville patted him on the shoulder, when the ship was handed over to the Turks, and said, heartily, "Bravo, gunner!" The old sailor looked up tearfully to the tri-color flag, which was so soon to be removed, and a peculiar feeling overpowered him. How often had he seen the ensign changed!—first, the Lilies of Louis Seize; then the tri-color of the Republic; next, the Imperial flag; and then, for only eight weeks, the eagle again; then the lilies once more, and then tri-color came back; and now the *Montebello* was to hoist the crescent flag of the Sultan. Well! well! he would do his duty as he had a new master, but that was no reason he should shirk work; and Pierre Selevre entered the Turkish service after all only for the sake of the dear old ship, from which it would have broken his heart to part.

For a time the *Montebello* was stationed off Beshiktash, for Mahmud was very proud of her: but in 1838, she joined the fleet in the Dardanelles, to take part in the festivities accompanying the accession of Abd-ul-Medjid.

II.

Two gentlemen made their appearance on the quarter-deck of the *Montebello*; the one was Captain Sanglade; the other, who wore civil clothing, was a young man of about thirty, and his features revealed a great amount of intelligence.

"I assure you, my dear Lattas, this is the place for a man to make his fortune," said the captain, in his quick sailor manner; "great things will take place here soon, and any man who has the luck to be mixed up in them will be made for life. The bow will not endure the pressure much longer."

"You really believe that it will come to a great war, in which the European powers will take part?"

"I am certain of it. If the powers seriously mean to maintain the integrity of Turkey, they cannot hold off much longer. Suppose we examine matters calmly. Let us leave out of the question the reports that roused such alarm yesterday in Stamboul, that the Seraskier had been beaten at Nisib by the Egyptians, but does not Mehemet Ali's power increase daily? What will not this man yet effect, if he continues his progress and fortune still adheres to him? There are many persons who can remember Mehemet Ali as a trader in a dirty Cairo shop. The French occupation of Egypt made him take up arms, and you should gain an example by him, my dear Lattas."

"I fear lest French obstinacy will paralyse the English and Austrian exertions to maintain the integrity of Turkey," said Lattas, thoughtfully.

"No, no," Sanglade violently interposed. "I am sorry to be forced to side against my own country, but I see no good resulting to France from this conflict. The want of chivalry in helping a rebel against his lord will yet be bitterly avenged! If the news of the defeat be confirmed, the misfortune will prove of incalculable benefit to the young Sultan, for the great powers must interpose at once."

"I cannot explain this inactivity of the fleet during the struggle on the Euphrates," said Lattas, gloomily. "A diversion would have proved of great service to the cause of the Sultan, as it would have checked the advance of the enemy."

"Don't warn me of that!" the captain cut him short by saying; "I fear we are all bought and sold here! You have no idea of the intrigues that are going on. The capudan-pasha is a deadly enemy of the vizier, Chosrev Pasha, and will not hesitate at any step which can destroy him. I am no alarmist, but I would wager that something wrong is intended with the fleet. There are too many signs of it, I am sorry to say."

"What could be done with it?" asked Lattas.

"It could be surrendered," the captain said, angrily; "it is not so far from the Dardanelles to Egypt, and Heaven grant we may not be forced to make the voyage."

"And you believe that the fleet could be betrayed so easily?"

"What can we do? Don't you see how cleverly the *Montebello* has been placed between two Turkish ships of the line, whose captains are the creatures of the capudan-pasha? When the order is given to weigh, and the *Montebello* dared to refuse, she would be blown out of the water. Yes, yes, dear Lattas, I know these fellows; they are capable of anything. If we are betrayed, though, I will restore the *Montebello* to the Sultan, so true as my name is Sanglade. Whenever you hear that a trick has been played with the fleet, go to the grand vizier and tell him Captain Sanglade foresaw it, but could not prevent it, as he is compelled to obey the orders of the admiral, so long as he is not openly guilty of treason. But, when he is once convicted, Sanglade will bring the *Montebello* back to the Dardanelles, or else blow her up!"

"And you wish me really to tell the grand vizier so?"

"Without hesitation, as soon as you hear that we have weighed anchor. For the capudan-pasha can only lead us from here direct to Mehemet Ali. And, as regards yourself, dear Lattas, strive to join the army. Demand an audience of the grand vizier, and refer to me. Tell him that we formed an acquaintance at Smyrna, while I was still attached to the French navy. I will give you a letter of recommendation, and point out your qualifications as a draughtsman and engineer, and add my honest opinion that you are peculiarly qualified to form a staff for the Turkish army."

"During my forced idleness in Stamboul, I have employed myself in drawing a plan of the city. Suppose I were to offer it to the grand vizier—it might serve as an introduction."

"Capital! do so, and your ability will be proved at once. When you have once joined the army you cannot fail of success, and then perhaps we shall meet again, it may be, under arms on the Syrian coast."

The captain had scarce spoken ere a shout was heard, "Boat ahoy!" and in a moment after an officer came up the side. The captain joined him, and they had a short conversation. When it was ended, Sanglade looked very pale and disturbed. He rapidly approached Lattas, and shook his hand almost convulsively, and whispered,

"Go—go, Lattas! I have just received a notice which must drive all the blood out of my cheeks. Oh, these stupid creatures! they can only see the signal flags, and cannot dive into their secret meaning. So soon as the capudan-pasha has joined his ship—and he is expected every moment—the anchor will be weighed. Three days ago, we received a command to hold ourselves in readiness, and no man was to be allowed leave. But now, go to the grand vizier—do not hesitate a moment—repeat to him what I have told you just now—you cannot have a better chance. But do not forget one thing: Captain Sanglade is responsible for the *Montebello*, and will bring her back, no matter at what cost, so soon as the treason is accomplished."

He shook hands heartily with Lattas, who went down the side and entered the caique which was awaiting. Within a quarter of an hour the admiral's flag was hoisted on board his vessel, and the fleet saluted. This was followed by an order to weigh anchor, and before night the Turkish fleet was well out of the Dardanelles. It was the 5th of July when Achmed Fevzi Pasha took the fleet from Stamboul against the express orders of his imperial master, and on the 14th he handed it over to the rebellious vassal, Mehemet Ali, Pasha of Egypt and Syria.

III.

More than a year had passed away. Mehemet Ali had been continually victorious, and the Turkish Empire was threatened with dissolution, when the envoys of the great powers commenced their conferences in London, intended to maintain the dignity of Turkey.

It was the 3rd of November, 1839. An enormous mass was collected on the Gulhane square. All eyes were fixed on the Kiosk of Tulips in the seraglio garden, where the youthful Sultan had just made his appearance. His intelligent face was pale, and his mature form seemed to deny the fact that he was only sixteen years of age. He was dressed in uniform, the red collar was embroidered with diamonds, a white ostrich plume fluttered above his fez, and a blue cloak hung down from his shoulders. The band struck up, the troops presented arms, and shouts of welcome were heard from a thousand throats. In a clear, harmonious voice, the Sultan read the hatti-sheriff, which will be forever known by the name of Gulhane. From this day forth the Turkish Empire became an integral member of the European state family. The Sultan retired amid the joyful shouts of the assembled people.

While the excited populace were slowly retiring from the garden, a young and thoughtful man was hurrying along the streets. He, too, had been present in the Sultan's suite; he wore the uniform of a Turkish colonel, and we are already acquainted with him, as we met him on board the *Montebello* with Captain Sanglade. Since that time Michel Lattas has gained distinction, and bears the name of Omar Bey.—Chosrev Pacha, the grand vizier, had recognised his pre-eminent abilities, and gladly accepted his services, and, at the time we meet him again, he is hurrying to his powerful patron, who has invited him to an interview in his apartments at the new palace of Tchiragan. He entered his caique, which glided past the suburb of Beshiktash. His eye could not fail to rest on the plateau of Hunkiar-Skelessi, where a tall monument marks the spot occupied by the head-quarters of the Russian army in 1833, to protect the capital against the Egyptians. Here, too, the celebrated treaty was signed by which the Porte bound itself to close the Dardanelles against all but Russian ships. Next came the marine arsenal and a gloomy building, at whose barred windows wretched beings, with chains round their necks, were fastened to the walls; a fearful stench exhaled from the house, and the howling of wild beasts might be heard, for just opposite the madhouse was a building filled with lions, bears, wolves, and foxes. These beasts mingled their shrill yells with the cries and moans of the maniacs, who were much worse off than their savage neighbors, for if the latter were fettered, they did not wear the chain round their necks, and could move about in a much larger space.

On entering the palace, Omar Bey proceeded to the splendid apartments set aside for the grand vizier, the walls of which were composed of mirrors, and adorned with lustres and candelabra. Chosrev Pasha received him with great affability, and they were soon engaged in a serious conversation. The colonel explained his views as to the best way of attacking the Egyptians, while the vizier listened with evident satisfaction.

"The Egyptian army in Syria is 60,000 strong," said the colonel. "We must strive, in the first place, to separate it, and a landing on the Syrian coast would have immense results, if we had only sufficient ships to effect it."

"The allies will lend us theirs. England and Austria have determined to interfere energetically for the protection of Turkey. Terms will be offered the viceroy; if he reject them he will be compelled to yield by force. In that case, your advice as to the operations to be carried on will be of great value. The Sultan has already sent orders to Selim Pacha to collect an army, that we may be ready for any eventualities. You will be attached to it as chief of the staff, and land with it wherever may be deemed most advisable. You will receive your appointment at once, and, I trust, will prove yourself worthy of the high character given you by your worthy friend, Rifaat Pasha, of the *Montebello*. In the meanwhile we will wait and see whether he keep his word, and bring his ship back to the Dardanelles."

The last words were uttered rather humorously, and accompanied by a good-tempered laugh.

"So much is certain, that Captain Sanglade will never lead his ship to fight against the allies of the Padishah!" said the colonel, haughtily.

"He must bring her back to us; we can use her," Chosrev replied, with a smile of satisfaction. "Well! perhaps you may see him somewhere on the Syrian coast, and you can tell him so. Farewell."

IV.

There were two persons present in the cabin of the *Montebello*, which vessel lay in the roads of Alexandria. The gunner, Pierre Selevre, was standing before the captain, who looked at him fixedly, and then asked him:

"How long have you served on board the *Montebello*, gunner?"

"Fifty-eight years, captain."

"Long enough to assume that some one will soon relieve you in the Sainte-Barbe."

"I am aware I cannot last much longer," said the gunner, coolly.

"Console yourself, my friend. It may be that Providence has reserved the greatest deed of your life for this last hour."

"I do not understand you, captain."

"Do you love the *Montebello*?"

"As my life!"

"Well, then, sacrifice your life for her."

"I do not understand you, captain."

"To whom does the *Montebello* belong?"

"To his highness, the Sultan Abd-ul-Medjid."

"And where is she lying?"

"In the roads of Alexandria. God forgive it!" the gunner muttered, as he gnashed his teeth.

"And where ought she to lie?"

"In the Dardanelles, if I had my way, captain."

"I am of your opinion, gunner. But when we agree as to the place where the *Montebello* ought to lie, we must do our part to bring it about."

The gunner looked at the captain half-doubtingly, and said naively,

"Do your share, captain."

"Well remarked, gunner. I intend to do so, and reckon on your assistance."

"Has the magazine anything to do with it?"

"Certainly; Sainte-Barbe shall lead us back to the Dardanelles."

"I am sorry once more not to understand, *mon capitaine*."

"You shall understand me directly. Will you obey me blindly if I put you in the position which I think best suited to restore us our honor?"

"I never held any other post than that in the magazine."

"You shall keep it."

"Then I am at your orders."

"But you must leave the *Montebello*."

The old man felt as if he had received his death-blow. He muttered, in his agony,

"Leave the *Montebello*—I—after nearly sixty years' service! Oh, no, captain, that cannot be—it really cannot."

The old man shook his head with great sternness, and looked at the captain sternly.

"Reflect, gunner, what meaning such a refusal has from your mouth. It is left entirely in your hands to restore the Padishah his fleet."

"What do you say?" Selevre exclaimed, violently, and his eye flashed fire as he watched the captain's lips. What was that I heard? I, the poor harmless gunner, have it in my power to restore the Sultan his ships! You are jesting, captain."

"I am not jesting," said Sanglade, with an earnestness in his voice which dissipated every doubt. "It is as I say to you, and because it is so, I ask you, Gunner Selevre, will you obey me, and go whither I send you?"

The gunner looked down gloomily.

"Leave the *Montebello*. Oh, what agony!" he muttered. "That is as much as giving up all I hold dear. But one more question, captain: shall I see the *Montebello* again?"

"When you have taken her from the roads of Alexandria and still live."

"And where is my post till then?"

"In the magazine of the Turkish flag-ship."

"Still in a magazine; that is some consolation."

"You have decided, then? You will bring back the *Montebello* to her duty?"

"I will obey, though I do not understand."

"It is quite enough for you to obey, Selevre. You will, then, quit the *Montebello* this day."

"This day?" Selevre repeated, with a sigh, and an unwonted moisture gathered in his eyes.

"You will proceed on board the flag-ship, and ask to be removed to another vessel. Make any excuse you please to explain your sudden aversion for the *Montebello*."

"My aversion! Oh, what a falsehood!"

"Say you have been badly treated, and request to be appointed to another ship-of-the-line. Produce the brilliant certificate I will give you, and they cannot refrain from making you gunner of the flag-ship, a post which is now vacant."

"And when I am gunner of the flag-ship, what then?"

"Then you will stand under the orders of the first lieutenant of the *Montebello*, M. Cardieux."

"But how can Mossen Cardieux give me orders from aboard this ship when I am on another?"

"You may be quite calm; M. Cardieux will be at your side. He will be appointed to the flag-ship like yourself, and you will obey his orders blindly, just as if you were still aboard the *Montebello*. Do you understand me, Gunner Selevre?"

"Perfectly, captain."

"And you will act as I have directed you?"

"I will obey you now, and Mossen Cardieux afterwards."

"Very good. I thank you, gunner; in a short time the Sultan will probably thank you too—if thanks have any value for you, as the magazine of the flag-ship has a very slippery floor, on which a man can easily fall and break his neck."

The captain looked fixedly at the gunner, who returned the glance with equal firmness, and only remarked, "It's of no consequence, captain."

"Then you can say good-bye to the *Montebello*."

The gunner left the cabin, and a few minutes later the first lieutenant entered it.

"Do you know, my worthy lieutenant, that you no longer belong to the *Montebello*?" the captain said, as he entered.

"I will not hope—" said the lieutenant, turning pale.

"But you must hope, my dear lieutenant, for a good fruit will spring up from bad seed, if God and Sainte-Barbe do their part. Here is your appointment to the flag-ship."

The captain handed the lieutenant a paper, which the latter accepted with visible dissatisfaction.

"Come, take it, my good acting-captain. Is it not better to command the flag-ship than to be lieutenant on board the *Montebello*? The flag-ship has given up its captain to the Egyptian fleet, and the capudan-pasha entrusts it to you temporarily. This ought to flatter you, though it seems to me as if there were a design to get the Frenchmen out of the *Montebello*, and thus isolate her.

"Believe me, captain, I would sooner remain as I am."

"Be calm, my dear friend, and listen to me. When the fleet left the Dardanelles, I took an oath that I would restore the *Montebello* to the Padishah, or perish with her. I have awaited a favorable moment for a long time, and it has at length arrived. The Egyptian fleet has sailed to carry reinforcements to Ibrahim Pasha, and now we have a chance of moving. At this moment you are appointed providentially captain of the flag-ship. Will you understand me, Cardieux, if I tell you that I now hope not only to restore the *Montebello*, but the entire fleet to the Sultan. We shall liberate ourselves from this disgraceful position—you understand me."

"I do understand you, captain," said Cardieux, solemnly, and offered Sanglade his hand. The latter shook it heartily.

"Now explain to me how you wish me to set about it," Cardieux said, after a short pause.

Their conversation lasted an hour, and when they parted the certainty of success was reflected from their faces.

V.

The great ensign of the capudan-pasha floated from the mainmast of the flag-ship as a signal that Admiral Achmet Fevzi Pasha was on board, which was not often the case, as he preferred usually remaining on shore at Alexandria.—As soon as the salute had been fired, the acting-captain Cardieux proceeded to the magazine. By his side walked the aged gunner, Pierre Selevre. The two men entered the gloomy spot which all shunned, and the wire-enclosed lamp through a dim light on the piled up cartridges and black-looking powder-barrels. The captain cast a hurried glance around, then thrust away the book the gunner presented him, and said, in a quiet whisper,

"I have not come here with you to verify your accounts; we have more important affairs to attend to. You remember the reason of your leaving the *Montebello*?"

"My poor ship; shall I ever forget my loss?"

"Give up all such desponding thoughts, gunner; honor is appealing to you, my worthy veteran!"

"Honor! I listen, captain?"

"Why did Captain Sanglade send you aboard the flag-ship?"

"If am not mistaken, to obey your commands, captain."

"Well then, gunner, you will not leave the magazine from this moment."

"Very good, captain."

"You know my negro lad? Well, if between now and the next twelve hours he taps at this door, and says to you, '*The captain orders the gunner to hold himself ready*,' you will blow the ship up!"

The gunner turned pale, and fell back a step.

"You understand me?" the captain asked, coolly.

"I am trying to understand you," the gunner muttered.

"And you will do what I order you?"

Selevre thought for a moment, and then said, with energy,

"I promised Captain Sanglade to obey you blindly in all things; I will keep my promise like an honest man. But, allow me one question, captain: What will happen if the negro does not tap at the magazine door within twelve hours?"

"Then you will be gunner on board the *Montebello* again to-morrow!"

An exclamation of joy escaped from the gunner's lips.

"I leave you now, gunner, and reckon upon you. So soon as you receive the order—"

"The admiral's ship will have ceased to exist a minute after," the gunner interrupted the captain in a firm voice.

"Good!" the latter said, and left the magazine to proceed to the cabin of the capudan-pasha. On the way he was joined by the negro lad, who was waiting for him. He said to him, "Come with me, and do not let me out of your sight. While I am in the admiral's cabin, lay yourself at the door, and do not move. When I come out, no matter if alone or in the company of any one, do not quit my side. If I put out my hand and give you a paper, you will hurry with it to the magazine, and give it to the gunner, who will open on your tapping with the words, 'The captain orders the gunner to hold himself ready. You understand me thoroughly, my boy?"

The boy nodded his head, and they proceeded together to the admiral's cabin. The capudan-pasha was reclining on a splendid ottoman, and smoking his chebouque, when Cardieux entered. He greeted the captain with a condescending nod, and made a sign to him to take a seat. The captain, however, paid no attention, but said, seriously,

"The officers and men of the fleet of the Sultan Abd-ul-Medjid have entrusted me with an honorable mission by desiring me to be the interpreter of their wishes to his mightiness the capudan-pasha."

"What are these wishes, Captain Cardieux?" the admiral asked, after staring with some amazement at his visitor.

"The officers and men of the Sultan's fleet request his mightiness the capudan pasha to lead them back to the Dardanelles, which is their proper place."

The admiral let his pipe fall in his surprise and alarm. He moved restlessly on the divan, and regarded the captain with widely opened eyes.

"My officers and men request that I—" the admiral stammered.

"Will lead them back to Stamboul and their sole lord and master the Sultan," the captain filled up the sentence, in a firm, bold voice.

The admiral shook his head, and muttered, "I will consider the matter."

"The mighty capudan-pasha will pardon me if I contradict him. No consideration is required in this case."

"But if I say it is necessary?" the admiral shouted, and looking at his subaltern furiously.

Cardieux remarked, without feeling the least alarmed,

"Then I should answer, to my great regret, that it is too late for consideration."

"Too late!—why so?" the admiral asked, restlessly.

"Because we have considered, and arrived at the conclusion that we must, in any case, return to the Dardanelles. If the capudan-pasha will not lead us thither, we must do it for ourselves."

"Mutiny and revolt!" the admiral said, savagely, as he rose.

"Nothing of the sort; it is merely a requital for the treachery that brought us to Egypt, and handed us over to the viceroy."

"And who was the traitor?" the admiral asked, in a hesitating voice, as he strove to look the captain boldly in the face, and cause him to pause in his reply. But Cardieux answered undauntedly,

"The capudan-pasha, Achmet Fevzi, was guilty of the treason, and we now ask him to expiate it by leading us back to the place whence he brought us."

The admiral stopped for a moment, dumb with passion, and moved toward the door.

"Not a step—not a movement, or I will shoot you," the captain explained, in a tone of authority, and drew a pistol from his pocket, which he presented at the admiral. He fell back a step in alarm.

"Mutiny and murder, then!" he muttered.

"Everything is permissible against treachery. But let us understand each other, admiral. While the fleet demands to return to the Dardanelles, we are all unanimous in lightening the task for you. Order us to go to the Dardanelles, restore the ships to the Sultan, and you shall have the entire credit. The Padishah will receive you graciously, and par-

don your treachery, as you have expiated it by a good deed."

"And suppose I do not accept your proposal?" the admiral inquired anxiously.

"Then I shall kill you, and assume the command of the flag-ship alone," the captain answered, coolly.

The admiral sat silent in his indecision. The pistol in the captain's hand gave his words an unmistakable effect. And, without, he fancied every man a mutineer, every hand ready to second the pistol of the captain, who spoke in behalf of all.

"And suppose I decide to carry the fleet to the Dardanelles, what will happen in that case?"

"Then we shall obey the capudan-pasha, who will give his orders through me. I will remain by your side till we have left the roads of Alexandria and are steering for Stamboul."

"I cannot leave Alexandria like a fugitive," the admiral objected.

"Yet you left Stamboul in that way."

The admiral was silent.

"Will you yield to the general wish, and order the anchor to be weighed?"

A heavy sigh escaped from the terrified man, and at last he muttered,

"Be it so!"

"I thank you, admiral. But, in order that you may claim the whole merit of the deed, and have witnesses at Stamboul that you acted from your own free will, you must appear with me on the quarter-deck."

"I will follow you," the pasha said, despondingly.

"Before we go, one word more, admiral, the last bold and open one I shall say to you. I have put up the pistol. Without, I have a more certain guarantee that you will do your duty, and place no obstacle in my way as captain of the flag-ship."

"And that is?" the pasha asked, in a hesitating manner.

"In the inviaible connection between myself and the magazine."

The admiral turned pale involuntarily.

"A word, a movement on your part calculated to arouse my suspicions, and I blow the flag ship up. Will you be pleased to give orders to weigh anchor?"

The pasha nodded his silent assent, and the two men proceeded on deck. Within five minutes the flag-ship was one mass of signals, and the fleet prepared to start once more for the Dardanelles. Great was the surprise felt, but this was soon changed into a feeling of unbounded delight. As for Captain Sanglade, it was the happiest day of his life when he sailed past the flag-ship, bound for Stamboul.

While all this was going on above, the old gunner, Pierre Selevre, sat far, far down in the magazine, waiting with some nervous excitement for what might happen. But hour after hour passed away and nothing came. Only one remarkable circumstance had occurred:—the ship was evidently in motion, and was bounding merrily over the waves. The gunner could notice this fact even in the depths of the magazine. He did not trouble himself with much thought as to how this had been brought about. He was pleased that it was so, and a sort of joyful foreboding whispered to him that he had a considerable share in the sailing of the ship. And again hour after hour ran by, but the ship did not rest. Suddenly—the gunner had certainly been sitting more than twelve hours in the magazine—steps were heard without, and some one rapped at the door. The gunner jumped up in agitation. He took one step forward, but then stopped, as if nailed to the ground. Suppose the order had now arrived to blow the ship up? Selevre was overpowered by the fearful idea: his legs tottered beneath him, and he leaned against the door. Again a rapping was heard, and this brought the gunner to his senses. He shook off all his nervousness with a violent action, and opened the door. A joyful "Ah!" burst from him when he saw Captain Cardieux's good-humored countenance.

"You are relieved, Gunner Selevre," said the captain.

A stone seemed to fall from off the gunner's heart.

"The ship will not be blown up!" he asked.

"God forbid! We are bound for the Dardanelles. If you go up aloft you can see the *Montebello* steering merrily in that direction."

"Long live the *Montebello* and her brave Captain Sanglade!" shouted the gunner, proudly and joyfully.

Such was the story I heard some two years back on board a Turkish man-of-war laid up in ordinary above the new bridge at Stamboul. It was told me by a Frenchman still serving the Sultan, who was acquainted with all the facts, and was very proud of the distinguished part his countryman played in the affair. I believe the story is not generally known, and I have therefore no hesitation in imparting it to my readers. Whatever their opinion may be as to the truth of the tale, they will unite with me in agreeing that if "it is not true, it ought to be."

——Never yet
Knew I a whole true man of Jove-like port,
But in his heart of hearts lived and reigned
A very woman,—sensitive and quick
To teach him tears, and laughter, born of toys
That meaner souls make mock at. If a man
Include not thus a woman, he is less,
I hold, than man. —*Anon.*

☞ Economics for the Stupid.—Never think of saying Bo to a goose. Say *beau* to the gander—*belle* to the goose.

☞ He that is taught to live upon little, owes more to his father's wisdom, than he that has a great deal left him, to his father's care.

☞ Family Bath for the Winter—Getting into daily "hot water" with your wife.

Freeze—freeze, thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot.
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friends remembered not.
—*Shakspeare.*

☞ At a missionary sermon, in a country village, all the congregation shed tears with the exception of one rustic, who, when he was asked why he continued unaffected, replied, "*I don't belong to this parish!*"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1859.

All the Contents of THE POST are set up Expressly for it, and it alone. It is not a mere Reprint of a Daily Paper.

TERMS.

The subscription price of THE POST is $2 a year *in advance*—served in the city by Carriers—or 4 cents a single number.

Persons residing in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA must remit TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price, as we have to prepay the United States Postage.

THE POST is believed to have a larger country subscription than any other Literary Weekly in the Union, without exception.

THE POST, it will be noticed, has something for every taste—the young and the old, the ladies and gentlemen of the family may all find in its ample pages something adapted to their peculiar liking.

Back numbers of THE POST can generally be obtained at the office, or of any energetic Newsdealer.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—THE POST is an admirable medium for advertisements, owing to its great circulation, and the fact that only a limited number are given. Advertisements of new books, new inventions, and other matters of general interest are preferred. For rates, see head of advertising columns.

TO CHANCE READERS.

For the information of chance readers, we may state that among the regular contributors to The Post, are

G. P. R. James, Esq., author of Richelieu, Old Dominion, &c.	Mary Howitt.
T. S. Arthur.	Grace Greenwood.
Emma Alice Browne.	Florence Percy.
Author of "Letters from Paris."	Martha Russell.
	Mrs. M. A. Denison. Author of "My Last Cruise," &c.

The productions of many other writers of great celebrity are also yearly given, from the English and other periodicals. For instance, last year, we published articles from the pen of CHARLES DICKENS, DINAH MARIA MULOCH, ALFRED TENNYSON, WILKIE COLLINS, H. W. LONGFELLOW, MRS. H. B. STOWE, the AUTHOR of "A Trap to Catch a Sunbeam," the AUTHOR of "The Red Court Farm," &c., &c., &c.,—giving thus to our readers, the very best productions of the very best minds, either as written for The Post, or as fresh selections—which course insures a greater variety and brilliancy of contents, than could possibly be attained in any other way. The articles already engaged for the present year, from our special contributors, *who write expressly for our columns*, are—first and foremost—

THE CAVALIER, by G. P. R. JAMES, Esq.

[To show that we have hesitated at no reasonable expense to procure the very best talent for our readers, we may be allowed to state that we pay Mr. James for the above Novelet the sum of

$1,680.00!

an amount which, though large, is simply in accordance with the usual rates that Mr. James's high reputation enables him to command. We may further add that Mr. JAMES WILL WRITE EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE POST.]

STORIES by MARY HOWITT.

A NOVELET by T. S. ARTHUR, Esq.

"CITY SIGHTS AND THOUGHTS"—A Series. By GRACE GREENWOOD.

LETTERS FROM PARIS. A Series. By ——.

POEMS from FLORENCE PERCY.

POEMS from EMMA ALICE BROWNE, &c., &c., &c.

In addition to the above and other original, and our usual selected stores of Literary matter, we furnish weekly, Agricultural Articles, Useful Receipts, the Foreign and Domestic News, the Markets, &c., &c.—a class of contents interesting to all, and almost indispensable to country readers.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

The news by the Arabia is more pacific in its character. The question of an Austrian occupation of Servia, no longer disturbs the political atmosphere, as the new state of affairs in that province having been acquiesced in by Turkey, Austria has not even a decent pretence for such a movement—supposing that she ever intended it. From France herself seems to come an almost unanimous popular condemnation of any disturbance of the peace of Europe. All the ministers of Louis Napoleon also are said to favor peace. The funds therefore are again on the march upwards, their depreciation in consequence of that little speech of the Emperor's, being stated as follows:—"5 per cent. in France, 3 per cent. in Rusaia, 5 per cent. in Sardinia, 6 per cent. in Austria, and 3 per cent. in Turkey, making an aggregate depreciation in the nominal value of the public stocks and shares in the European markets of not less than *sixty millions* pounds sterling."

It must be remembered, however, that this immense depreciation is more nominal than real. If all the holders had sold out at the depressed prices, the loss to them would have been the $300,000,000 stated—but, as only very few probably sold out, and as the funds doubtless will rise again to their former level, the holders will stand just where they did before—and have gained a little wholesome experience as to the fluctuating character of all earthly possessions besides.

Louis Napoleon, his agents, and his friends, meanwhile, may pocket a very pretty sum by buying at the depressed rates, and selling in a rising market. Of course, we do not and cannot know whether he designed this, as one effect of his ambiguous words on New Year's day; but really the cherishing of a suspicion of this kind, does not do him very great injustice. Many a seemingly portentous movement of history, has had its origin in very trifling causes; and if the present French monarch is not unscrupulous enough for almost anything, the great majority of impartial observers of his career are laboring under a lamentably incorrect impression of his character.

Whatever may be Louis Napoleon's failings as a man of integrity, however, it is evident that either he, or his Minister of Finance, has an admirable capacity for the management of financial affairs—one of the most important duties of every government, if not the most important. If, as Thomas Carlyle says, "The end of every lie is bankruptcy," then we might argue that the present government of France was essentially founded on verity, and not on falsehood. France, according to the last official report of her Treasury Department, has been seldom in such a condition of monetary prosperity. With all the costs of the war department, and of the recent expeditions to China and Cochin China,—with the heavy interest of of her funded debt to provide for—her revenue is abundantly able not only to meet her current expenses, but to provide a sinking fund for the future. It is no slight evidence of the ability of the government, and the prosperity of the people, that all taxes are paid with such promptness and facility that the cost of collection has decreased nearly one-third, including the expense of suits for recovery. In fact, one sees in the ability, energy and foresight of Louis Napoleon's administration, the compensations which reconcile the French to the loss of freedom.

Among the news by the late arrival, is the statement that a Crown prosecution in Ireland against John Francis Nugent, for publishing a seditious and scandalous almanac, had resulted in Mr. Nugent's being bound in £500, with two sureties of £50 each, to keep the peace—that is, to suspend the publication of the *Prophetic Almanac*—for seven years. This *Prophetic Almanac* was a curious affair. It announced itself as "the only thoroughly Irish national almanac printed and published in Ireland, which has given nine-tenths of the people that information for which they have so long thirsted, and the only one assailed by anti-Irish, unmeritable, anti-national, and anti-philosophical buzzards." At the bottom of each month's calendar, about a third of each page contains, wrapped up in the usual astrological jargon of "Taurus in the cusp of the tenth house," "Mars in square with Saturn," &c., such predictions of coming events as the following:—

1858—January.—"Aries in trine to Cancer shows America prepared to slip the leashes, and let loose the dogs of war, while savage John Bull, shivering in the Indies, drops a prophetic tear for the approaching loss of his foreign possessions. Verily, thou art a beaten beast, John; the day is at hand when the nations shall tread thee under foot, as a social, political, and irreligious nuisance."

February.—"The retrocession of proud Jupiter in the Crab shows the failure of haughty England through her great difficulty, Ireland, after 700 years' training of the latter by the former country."

March.—"The dozed timbers of the Establishment are this month heard to creak with many groans. Ireland about this time has 30,000 sons in arms."

April.—"The principle-selling owners of newspapers and the black-mouthed iron-jawed owners of the soil entrap the people, who are now 'the power' in Ireland; every inducement is held out to the raw recruit to barter principle for his day's pay, and to bury his steel in the heart of some sepoy or butchered Cantonese."

May.—"The great Irish impossibility of welding clay and iron together (uniting Protestantism and Catholicism as wolf and lamb) has now become manifest. The hitherto English intolerant biblical statesmen must be silent in every Court in Europe. Alarming rumor prevails."

June.—"Many of high standing will renounce the errors of the demi-devil Luther for the faith of Peter; Canada may make a gallant stand for her independence; Cuba and the Cape discontented; education only prepares the sons of Ireland to strike a decisive blow on their own behalf; infidelity and domestic broils will induce the Irish settlers there to return to the mother country."

September.—"Stupefaction, tyranny, ignorance, despotism now sit on the bench to administer justice to the masses; but intelligence and magnanimity shall take them by the beard—the people will hold gold in preference to paper, and be their own bankers."

November.—"A bill may be brought into the House for Liberty of Conscience to the Sovereign, as Presbyterianism has almost swamped the establishment. The bad landlord will this month make the poor tenant feel his demon power. Pat should take care of his money, as he may give it in mistake to a descendant of the blood-letting Cromwell, who has no legal right to the soil. The Irish militiaman may again soon lose his trowsers, if he does not keep his firelock in order and his powder dry."

December.—"Russia and France cast a wistful eye on London, particularly the Exchequer; Ireland now feels a buoyant spirit within her, since her great foiler has been well whipped by a stronger Power: there is now a certainty of Ireland's triumphs, after a week of centuries' torture by those in the service of the red dragon."

The amount of "prophecy" in the above, does not seem at all commensurate with the amount of bitterness. The book, it is stated, was sold with great caution, in order to keep it out of the hands of any others than the peasantry. It is not very wonderful that the Government should object to the circulation of a work so evidently designed to promote disaffection and an armed rising. The result of the Government prosecution—a simple holding of the publisher "to keep the peace" for seven years, was about as mild a verdict as could have been expected.

The probability of a revolution in Italy is said to be considerably lessened by the presence of a large reinforcement of Austrian soldiery. Another fruitless rebellion of the Italians, we hope never to see. That any rebellion against Austria, which should be unsupported by France, or some other of the great Powers, would be fruitless, is almost certain.—And even if France should aid Italy, unless it were a free France, it is not probable that Italy would gain much by throwing off her present rulers—for it would be simply an exchange of masters. So it seems to us. And yet every people must be allowed to be the best judges in their own case—and some chains are so heavy and galling, that it is better to die outright in the effort to rend them, than to suffer through long years of anguish their cruel weight.

Railroads.—We perceive, by a recent statistical statement, that the number of miles of railroad in Ohio is greater than in any other State of the Union. Thus Ohio has 2,988 miles in operation, Pennsylvania 2,971 miles, (within 17 of Ohio), Illinois 2,714, and New York 2,695 miles. The completion of all the railroads now in progress, will not disturb the above order, and Ohio will still head the list.

Board of Health.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 197—Adults 89, and children 108.

☞ At a recent meeting of the Statistical Society, in London, we notice that Miss Florence Nightingale was elected a "Fellow"—probably this was owing to the amount of "fellow-feeling" displayed by her in the Russian war.

At the same meeting, an essay on the Vital Statistics of the Society of Friends, was read by a Mr. Fox—whether a descendant of the famous George, is not stated. Among Mr. Fox's conclusions, are the following:—That there is a great excess of females over males in the Society. That there are fewer marriages, in proportion to numbers, in, than outside of the Society. That the fecundity of marriages is *apparently* greater than in the general population; whether it *actually* is so, is a point which must be left undecided. That the death-rate is considerably below that of the general population. That the males seem to live much longer, and the females but little longer, than the general population.

We have little doubt, for ourselves, that the members of the Society of Friends, everywhere, owing to their generally calm, industrious, and sober lives, live longer than the rest of the population. Passion and ardent emotion—a quick pulse and a ready brain and hand—are continually wearing upon the chords of life of those who possess them. But then, on the other hand, a "quick spirit" lives more in a day, than some men do in a week.

☞ Some surprise recently was occasioned in the Legislature of this State, by the presentation of a memorial from the German Lutheran congregation of Frankford, asking for a *repeal* of the laws prohibiting the running of the city horse cars on Sunday.

The Mercantile Library and the Westminster Review.—At a recent meeting of the stockholders of the Mercantile Library, the resolution directing the Board of Managers to subscribe again for the Westminster Review, was taken up and adopted.

QUESTIONS, ANSWERS, &c.

Mary Ann. We see no objection to your marrying a drover—that is, if you love him, and your parents are willing. Dr. Johnson said,

"Who drives fat cattle should himself be fat,"

and, for our part, we do not think "fatness" is any very serious objection to a lover. Fat men are apt to be good-tempered—for, if not good tempered and easy in his circumstances, a man could hardly become fleshy. Therefore the presumption is in favor of that description of gentleman. The prejudice that the majority of young ladies have in favor of your lank, lean youngsters, is probably the result of disease, mental or otherwise. Fat men may be as romantic and sentimental as their leaner brethren—though it is evident that they do not neglect their health so much, in the gratification of their romantic ideas. For instance, serenading, and spending long hours in the middle of the night, gazing on the window of the room inside which your sweetheart is slumbering, are apt to result in severe colds, not to say consumption, and in a general unfitness for business the next day. No lady should encourage her lover in such conduct. Going by the spirit of these hints, Mary Ann can hardly fail to go right.

Olive Oil. We have no doubt that the use of olive oil after bathing is beneficial—especially when soap has been used. The ancients, who were great bathers, used invariably to anoint their bodies with fine and fragrant oils after the bath.—The principal objection to the practice at the present day, is the difficulty of getting *pure* oils:—Everything is adulterated nowadays—and you may, by a use of adulterated oil, cause some disease of the skin, instead of promoting your health. In case of a cold in throat or breast, pure oil rubbed over the skin of those portions of the body, doubtless would prove beneficial.

A Sufferer. We condole with you truly, being ourselves very bashful personages. One very excellent cure is going into society. Moreover, try to think as well of yourself as possible. You say you are generally considered handsome, when your face is not suffused with an unmanly blush. Why should it be so suffused? Are you not as good, and good-looking, as other people? But going into society frequently, is, as we said, an easy cure. Many extremely bashful youths from the country, soon become in the cities as impudent, pert and conceited as any youngsters in the land. Matrimony is also an excellent cure for bashfulness—though, if unwisely effected, considerably worse than the disease. But we suppose you could not at present muster up sufficient courage to ask any pretty girl to have you. You might write, and succeed in "popping the question" in this way, however, though you double your chances of a refusal. Most women so like to be solicited in person—they enjoy so extremely all the embarrassment and confusion, not only of their lovers, but themselves. They would about as leave be married by letter, as courted by letter. If you think Evangeline would have you therefore, dive right into the subject when you are alone some day. Do not stop a moment to think, or you are lost. It matters little what you say—women have an instinctive perception of the meaning of your confused words. Do not fall on your knees, however—that practice went out when straps came into fashion, and has not been revived since straps went out again. The awkwardness of tearing your trowsers on such occasions, is never to be risked—being almost equivalent to a rejection. One hint more—do not act towards your angel as if she were an angel, but as if she were simply a dainty piece of flesh and blood, made—and conscious to the very tips of her fingers and toes of being so made—to be wooed and won. Some lovers, through natural modesty, so enthrone their lady-loves that they will scarcely speak to them in a short time. It is the "very error of the moon."

Farmer. It is an easy matter to tell whether grain will rise or fall. We are the very "party" who can tell you all about it—much better than the fortune-tellers. Our plan is derived from a work published by one Gervase Markham, who lived in the 17th century, when people were so much wiser in all affairs of witchcraft than they are now. It is as follows:—"If you would know whether corne shall be cheape or deere, take twelve principall graynes of Wheate out of the strengthe of the eare, upon the 1st day of Januarie, and when the harth of your chimney is most hot, sweepe it clene, then make a stronger lay one of those graynes on the harth, then mark it well, and if it leape a little, corne shall be reasonably cheape, but if it leape much, then corne shall be exceeding cheape, but if it lie still and move not, then the price of corne shall stand, and continue still for that moneth, and thus you shall use your twelve graynes the first day of every moneth one after another, that is to say, every moneth one graine, and you shall know the rising and falling of corne in every moneth, all the year following." By pursuing the above plan, a farmer will know as much and with as much certainty, as if he had consulted all the fortune-tellers and soothsayers in the land.

Traveller. Sea sickness is *not* very unpleasant—that is, after you are well again. We are doubtful whether it can be prevented. A French authority says it can be, by putting a belt around below the waist, and a second strap attached to the belt before and behind, and passing between the legs—the idea being to prevent that oscillation of "the in'ards," which is said to cause the sickness and nausea in question. Whether anybody has tried this plan, we know not. We doubt also whether it would be as well for the after health, to counteract nature in this manner. Sea sickness often greatly benefits the general health—at least, such is supposed to be the case. Some people, however, it *nearly*, and a few *quite* kills. If you should happen to be among the number of the latter, it would be unfortunate; but still, even riding, yes even *walking* has its dangers. You remember, we suppose, the story of the Eastern philosopher who was killed while reposing quietly at the door of his tent—an eagle mistaking his bald crown for a shining stone, and dropping an oyster upon it, in order to crack it? So, if business or pleasure calls you abroad, it would be humanly to stay at home from fear of the sea-sickness, being drowned, &c. Perhaps you can best serve your own interests, to say nothing of those of your family, and heirs in general, by leaving this mundane sphere. And if such is the case, you, as a believer in the "greatest good" principle, should be anxious to take the voyage. "A word to the wise is sufficient."

Telegraph. It would not be well to save time and expense—you living in the West, and she in the East—to "pop the question" by telegraph. The operators are pledged to secrecy, we admit, but few ladies like to be courted in that way. Read our remarks, in answer to another question, above. It is worth all the trouble of an express journey from Wisconsin to Virginia, just to ask that "one *little* question." No Virginia lady, we can assure you, would have you, if she knew that you had even considered this method for a moment. We confess that we incline ourselves to the thought that you are a "mighty small persimmon of a fellow." Pack up your trunk at once, you incorrigible son of a Wolverine, or we will not only expose you, but strike your name from the subscription list of the Post, and send a circular through the whole Union, requesting all other publishers to follow our example.

Charles. Of course you will pay all due attention to the step-mother. Step-mothers are often, very often, "more sinned against than sinning." Any woman who takes that situation, has, as they say in the corn-field, "a hard row to hoe." And yet step-mothers, especially where there are young children, and more especially young *girls*, are often an almost absolute necessity. Doubtless many a man marries a second wife entirely out of regard for the interests of his children—and doubtless, we admit fully, many a man does it just because he wants to please himself. A lover, however, should never take side in any family quarrel, or even estrangement. Conciliate all round, and offend none, is his true policy. He can do this with entire frankness and honesty moreover—for we hate duplicity, and would counsel no one to anything of the kind. But family estrangements, dislike to the step-mother, &c., are simply none of your business—which is, to win Flora, and remove her, if her situation be unpleasant, to a more congenial atmosphere. If you are liked by every member of the family, you will find it more easy to do this—for even little obstacles and enemies are by no means to be despised. Read, in this connection, the fable of the Lion and the Mouse.

Annie. Send this article marked to Joseph—whose fault is a too open display of his affection. Nothing looks more ridiculous than the fondling of lovers in company. "Behave yoursel' before folk" is a good old Scotch maxim. Some lovers are pawing, pawing, all the time. This is intolerable, and almost warrants a summary dismissal on the part of the lady. Joseph, you are a simpleton. Annie does not object so much to your caresses—she will suffer them, if it pleases you so much—but she does object to their publicity. Remember that "there is a time and place for all things."

Street Paving. Our correspondent at Chicago, may inform the authorities from us, that of all modes of paving the streets of cities yet discovered, the paving them with large round stones, or boulders, is the best. Iron becomes too slippery with wear—and so do blocks of granite, such as we have in portions of Chestnut and other streets—endangering the necks and legs of both horses and drivers. Blocks of wood, or planks, are the worst of all—and, we suppose, for that reason, as promotive of a new job soon, bid fair to be adopted in Chicago. Boulders, such as we have in Philadelphia, laid down with gravel, are decidedly the best, with all their faults. And if this kind of paving can be cheaply done at Chicago, as our correspondent says, it is the kind that ought to be adopted.

A Legend of the Miami is respectfully declined. It has merit, but the theme is objectionable.

New Publications.

The Ballad of Babie Bell and Other Poems, by Thomas Bailey Aldrich, (Rudd & Carleton, New York,) make one of the daintiest volumes of the year. Such poems as these would be in high favor at the court of Oberon and Titania, King and Queen of the Fairies. The fair fays might therein find images as delicate and brilliant as themselves, and even goblin Puck get snatches of elvish song, quaint and merry enough to troll to the midnight as he scurried along through the yellow moonlight of Fairyland, bent on some roguish errand. The "Ballad of Babie Bell" itself, and one beside, "A Ballad of Nantucket," we consider failures, but the other poems show a rare and fine ideality, exquisitely sensitive to all sensuous beauty. Delicate and multiform fancies, aerial, capricious, melodious, tender, gay, satirical, and or sweet, flit like humming birds, swarm like gorgeous tiger-moths, bloom like tropic flowers, glitter like colored stars, sound like etherial elfin voices, breathe like spice-winds, through the singing summer of these pages. What is best in a book of poems can hardly be quoted, but through these chinks the reader may peer into this garden of delights, and afterwards get the key, if he will, and roam there at pleasure. Look in here:—

"When the Sultan Shah-Zaman
Goes to the city Ispahan.
* * * * * * * *
The pet of the Harem, Rose-in-Bloom,
Orders a feast in his favorite room—
Silvery squares of colored ice,
Sweetened with syrup, tinctured with spice,
Creams and cordials, and sugared dates,
Syrian apples, Othmanee quinces,
Limes and citrons and apricots,
And wines that are known to Eastern princes."

There, too—

"Scattered *over* mosaic floors
Are anemones, myrtles and violets,
And a musical fountain *throws its jets*
Of an hundred colors into the air."

And there, before the dusk Sultana—

"The dancing girls of Samarcand
Float in like mists from Fairy-land!
And to the low voluptuous swoons
Of music, rise and fall the moons
Of their full brown bosoms. Orient blood
Runs in their veins, shines in their eyes:
And there in this Eastern Paradise
Filled with the fumes of sandal-wood
And Khoten-musk, and aloes and myrrh,
Sits Rose-in-Bloom on a silk divan,
Sipping the wines of Astrakhan."

The Mephistophelian strains which disfigure this fine poem, and which we do not quote, deserve, however, to be visited with vitriol. An "Invocation to Sleep" is full of eolian melody and weird, lovely fancies. As thus—

"There is a sleep for all things. *On still nights*
There is a folding of a million wings—
The purple honey-bees in unknown woods,
The speckled butterflies, and downy broods
In dizzy poplar heights.
Sleep for innumerable nameless things,
Sleep for the creatures underneath the sea,
And in the earth and in the starry air.

Spirit of dreams and silvern memories
Delicate sleep!
One who is sickening of his tiresome days
Brings thee a soul that he would have thee keep.
A captive in *thy mystical domain*
'Mong wild Puck-fancies, and the grotesque train,
That do inhabit slumber."

Thou who dost hold the keys of rest
Strew lotus-leaves and poppies on my breast—
Narcotic buds from misty Godland brought,
The flowers of Lethe.—

The bell sleeps in the belfry—from its tongue
A drowsy murmur floats into the air,
Like thistle-down.—

Here are lines, taken at random:

Those deep and tender *twilight eyes.*—

The quaint little snakes in the grass
Lift their silver heads to the moon.—

Let me write my songs to-day,
Rhymes with dulcet closes—
Tiny epics one might hide
In the hearts of roses.

In yonder *yawning cave of cloud*
The smoky lightning writhes with pain.

Maiden Maud and Marian
Have not passed me by—
Arched foot and red-ripe mouth,
And *bronze-brown eye.*

——The fair frail palaces,
The blue and crimson archipelagoes,
And great cloud continents of sunset seas.

——lilies——
The pale faced Dryads of the summer wood.

——The moonlight wrought its miracles.
Drenching the world with silent silver rain.

——an antique drinking-cup all rough with gems
And moist with the grapes' bleeding.

——it was as fair a scene as aught in Arcadia,
Through the yellow-headed grain,
Through the hamlet-studded plain,
Like a trembling azure vein
Ran the river to the sea.

Here in statue-like repose
An *old wrinkled mountain rose,*
With its hoary head in moon
And musk-roses at its feet.

A lone ship *with folded wings, lay dreaming off the lee;*
It had lain throughout the night
With its wings of murky white
Folded, after weary flight—
The worn nursling of the sea!

Here is a true lover's good-night:—

"Good-night to fond delicious eyes,
Good-night to chestnut braids of hair,
Good-night unto the perfect mouth,
And all the sweetness nestled there."

This shows nice observation, and is felicitously said:—

We know it would rain, for *the pasture showed*
The white of their leaves, the amber grain
Shrank in the wind—and the lightning now
Is *tangled in tremulous skeins of rain.*

And here is the grand chant which might strike up through all the swarm and titter of the talking fairies, when Oberon waved his wand for music, and some melody from Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" pealed forth from the horns and trumpets of the elfin brass band:—

"I like not lady-slippers,
Nor yet the sweet pea-blossoms,
Nor yet the flaky roses,
Red, or white as snow,
I like the chalice lilies,
The heavy Eastern lilies,
The gorgeous tiger-lilies
That in our gardens grow.

For they are tall and slender,
Their *mouths are dashed with carmine,*
And when the wind sweeps by them,
On their emerald stalks
They bend so proud and graceful,
They are Circassian women,
The darlings of the harem
Adown our garden walks.

And when the rain is falling,
I sit beside the window
And watch them *glow and glisten,*
How they burn and glow,
O for *the burning lilies,*
The fragrant Eastern lilies,
The gorgeous tiger-lilies
That in our garden grow!

Our poet in reporting this, dropped a few

words, we suspect, and awkwardly filled up the gap with the lines about the rain and the window, but, saving these earthly reminders, the poem is pure fairy, and is sung in Fairyland to the honor of the sumptuous lilies, in multitudinous and uproarious chorus. Cannot our readers hear the melodious storm of elfin voices, and the golden bray of the instruments, pouring forth this triumphant pæan to the lilies' praise?

The Atlantic Monthly for February, (Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston,) opens with a downright woman's rights article, brimfull of pungent wit and recondite learning. Rev. Mr. Higginson of Worcester is undoubtedly the author. There is matter for a laugh in the following curious citation, which occurs after a sketch of the frightful consequences resulting from allowing women to learn the alphabet:—

"It is true that Eve ruined us all, according to theology, without knowing her letters. Still there is something to be said in defence of that venerable ancestress. The Veronese lady, Isotta Nogarola, five hundred and thirty-six of whose learned letters were preserved by De Thou, composed a dialogue on the question, Whether Adam or Eve had committed the greater sin? But Ludovico Domenichi, in his 'Dialogue on the Nobleness of Women,' maintains that Eve did not sin at all, because she was not even created when Adam was told not to eat the apple. It is 'in Adam all died,' he shrewdly says; nobody died in Eve;—which looks plausible."

Highly ingenious, too, in Signor Domenichi! The rest of the "Atlantic" this month is as good and various as usual.

The State of the Impenitent Dead, by Alvan Hovey, D. D., (Gould & Lincoln, Boston,) is an essay read before the Baptist ministers of Massachusetts at Worcester, in 1858. It excited much attention at the time among the members of the conference. The ground taken is that unbelievers—"those who reject Christ"—are to suffer endless torment hereafter.

Le Cabinet des Fées, by Georges Gerard, A. M., (D. Appleton & Co, New York,) is a volume in French, of the charming and witty fairy tales of Charles Perrault and Madame de Beaumont, designed as a book of recreative readings for the use of students in the French language.

Salvation by Christ, by Francis Wayland, D. D., (Gould & Lincoln, Boston,) is a volume of religious discourses, the ability of which may be inferred from the wide reputation of the author.

Christian Morals, by James Challen, (James Challen & Son, Philadelphia,) is a treatise on ethics in their relation to the every-day affairs of life.

Cause of the First Murder.—We are informed in Sacred History, that Cain slew Abel because of the preference shown to the sacrifice of the latter; but we have no intimation given us of the reason for that preference. There is, however, an Oriental Tradition still extant, which accounts for it in this wise. It says that Cain and Abel, having each of them a twin sister, as soon as they all became marriageable, Adam proposed to them, that Cain should marry the twin sister of Abel, and Abel the twin sister of Cain; alleging as his reason for this proposal, that as their circumstances obliged them to marry their sisters, it was proper that they should marry those that were seemingly the least related to them. To this proposal Cain would not agree, and insisted on having his own twin sister, because she was fairer than the other. Adam, displeased at his disobedience, referred the dispute to the decision of the Lord; ordered his sons to bring each an offering before him; and told them that the offering which had the preference would be a declaration in favor of him who presented it. On the offerings being brought, and that of Abel accepted, Cain, stimulated by jealousy and resentment, as soon as they came down from the Mount where they had been sacrificing, fell upon his brother and slew him.

It is a sin to swear unto a sin,
But greater sin to keep a sinful oath.
—*Shakspeare.*

☞ Q. What foreign institution does starving a jury approach the nearest to?

A. The Diet of Hungary.—*Punch.*

☞ He who, with talents capable of being employed in the service of others, sits down with views that centre solely in himself, and neglects to employ them further than his own necessities require, is guilty of a breach of trust, for which he must one day be accountable.

☞ Time Lost, Money Lost.—Montaigne, the great French writer, on one occasion, set down in his book of expenses:—"Item, for a fit of laziness, one thousand pounds."

☞ Mother—Here, Tommy, is some nice castor oil, with orange rice in it.

Doctor—Now, remember, don't give it all to Tommy; leave some for me.

Tommy, who has been there—Doctor's a nice man, ma; give it all to the doctor.

☞ Of him that hopes to be forgiven, it is indispensably required that he forgive. It is therefore superfluous to urge any other motive. On this great duty eternity is suspended; and to him that refuses to practice it, the throne of mercy is inaccessible, and the Saviour of the world has been born in vain.—*Johnson.*

☞ Maxim by a Man of the World.—Never refuse assistance to a friend in distress, unless you are quite sure that you will never be in a position to require his aid in return, or if you are, that you won't get it.

☞ Like a God-created, fire-breathing spirit-host, we emerge from the inane; haste stormfully across the astonished earth, then plunge again into the inane. Earth's mountains are levelled, and her seas filled up in our passage. Can the earth, which is but dead and a vision, resist spirits which have reality and are alive? On the hardest adamant some footprint of us is stamped in; the last rear of the host will read traces of the earliest van.—But whence? Oh, heaven! whither? Sense knows not; faith knows not: only that it is through mystery to mystery, and from God and to God.—*Carlyle.*

☞ Our humanity were a poor thing, but for the Divinity that stirs within us.—*Lord Bacon.*

LETTER FROM GRACE GREENWOOD.

Cleveland, Jan. 24th, 1859.

Editor Saturday Evening Post.

Dear Sir:—I left Toledo a week ago to-day—just at sunrise, on the coldest morning we have had this winter. I never shall forget our drive to the station that morning—the purple splendors of the kindling East—the triumphant burst of radiant sunlight over what seemed a frozen world. The snow seemed powdered with diamond dust—diamond dust seemed afloat in all the air. Even our breath took visible and sparkling form in the intense cold, and floated away from us, the ghost of vitality. That still, cold morning scene—the white ground, the frozen river, the glittering frost, the pure air, almost gave one a "realizing sense" of Arctic life. I have heard that this was the coldest day you have had in the East. After a day or two it grew warmer, and on the 20th the snow had all disappeared, and the streets were almost impassable from mud.

On the evening of that day I read a lecture before the Young Men's Literary Association, of this city, at the Melodeon. I have not before referred to this new life I have lately entered upon—because I really had no thought of continuing it this season—expected, as well as wished, to return home before I should have much of it to chronicle. But "murder will out," and as the papers have told you of the crime I have committed against the good old fashioned ideas of woman's place and mission, in "going out of my *sphere* to *lecture*," as a worthy old gentleman said of one of my predecessors—I suppose *I* may as well put a bold face on the matter myself. What is done, is *done*. The Rubicon of feminine reserve is passed—if I do not go forward I cannot go back—henceforth I must be an object for the dainty horror of fine ladies—for the stale jokes of fine gentlemen—and an abomination to all Christian Turks.

At Cleveland I had a large, kind and encouraging audience—and the editorial fraternity have been particularly courteous—placing me by their generous praise, under a heavy but most pleasant weight of obligation.

I have had a charming visit thus far with some dear old friends, and have been so occupied and interested with the admirable society for which this beautiful city is distinguished, as to have no time for writing, or even for home-sickness.

We spent Sunday out at the Water Cure, where I passed the summer three years ago. The beautiful old places looked still beautiful in all the bareness and dullness of winter—the woods I had explored so often tempting me to a stroll over the rustling dead leaves and crisp patches of snow, which had taken the place of the flowers and mosses I so well remembered.

This institution is very prosperous, and well deserves to be. The situation is admirable—the grounds, including twenty acres of natural forest, broken up into hills and dells, streams and ponds,—a perfect *multum in parvo* of charming scenery. Every department of the establishment seems to me most carefully, conscientiously and kindly conducted, the comfort and happiness of the patients being consulted in all possible ways.

We witnessed with most interest the morning's exercises in the gymnasium. These were conducted after the best system, and were thorough, varied, amusing and quite inspiring. When I was in the institution these exercises did more for me than all the baths. They are in all cases, I think, a very important part of the treatment.

The friend at whose house I am staying is an enthusiastic lover of all manly, out-door sports and exercises—working at his business like a Trojan throughout the fall and winter, and in the spring and summer, taking "blest release from care" and labor, in boating, fishing and hunting. Every year he seems to take a new lease of life, to take in fresh stores of vitality and heartiness, and strong in unwasting youth and untiring energy to bid a jolly defiance to time.

He has a complete work-shop, in which he has been building a beautiful row-boat, on a very graceful, and it is said, perfect model. It is a wonderful creation, the result of much study, labor, sailor-craft, and weather-wisdom. In it, the pine of South Carolina, and the cedar of Lake Superior, find themselves wedded in a close and harmonious union. The oars are of polished cedar—light and elastic as osiers, yet perfectly strong and reliable.

But I did not intend to say *so* much of this smart little craft—worthy of an admiring tribute as it is. I meant to speak of quite another object of interest which this amateur workshop contains. This is a peculiar, quaint-looking old clock, which hangs against the wall, dismantled of its weights and dumb, though still capable of keeping very good time, I believe. Seeing that I eyed this somewhat curiously, my friend called my attention to an inscription on its face—the maker's name, which I now forget—"*Amesbury, England*, 1653." He had bought it, he said, at a sale of old furniture, in Boston, several years ago, and kept it for some time, in his house, but had finally banished it to its present place of comparative seclusion, because it persisted in annoying the household by its eccentric and unaccountable behavior. While its works all seemed to be perfectly sound and in good order, it would sometimes stop, without any apparent cause, and after taking a rest, start off, without help or provocation. Again, it would commence striking, on its own account, and keep up the exercise most vigorously, for a quarter of an hour at a time. "In short," added my friend, "I have come to the conclusion that it is a haunted clock—beset and troubled by the ghost of murdered time, perhaps."

He struck upon the bell, with a chisel, which he held in his hand. It gave out a clear, but it seemed to me, an old and querulous sound, as though vexed at being disturbed. Instantly my mind ran back to the time when this old bell was new. It is so staunch and plain, it never could have belonged to a Cavalier—but very likely was the property of some sturdy Roundhead.

It began its long race with time on the year that Cromwell was made, or made himself Lord Protector, and struck the hour when he burst like a whirlwind upon the Long Parliament, and swept it out before him. It struck the hour of his death—the hour of Charles's accession—of *his* death, of the accession of James, of his uncrowning, and quietly ticked away the reigns of William and Anne and the Georges. Crossing the Atlantic, it ticked through our Revolution, and marked off the moments, and sounded the last hours of half a dozen generations.

When this old clock was new, John Milton and Andrew Marvell were living. It ticked out the grand moment when the one in his poverty rejected a royal bribe,—and the grander moment when from the lips of the other burst the first line of "*Paradise Lost.*" It marked the last, slow sad moments of that sublime and darkened poet-life, and sounded the triumphant hour when the woe, and want, and weariness, and blind groping of his mortal life were past, when the immortal rest and recompense were won, and he stood in the unquenchable light of God.

Haunted or not, I would the old clock were mine! I would hang it on the wall of my chamber, and let it talk to me of the past, when it would—strike and tick when it chose, or abide "in the quiet," and let the history of two centuries and two continents look out upon me, through its hard, dumb face.

Speaking of the past, reminds me that another link between us and it, is gone. The sister of Robert Burns is dead. When I was in Scotland, six years ago, and visiting Alloway, I called at Mrs. Beggs's little rose-embowered cottage, and spent an hour or so with her. She was a very bright, young-looking woman for her age, with large, dark eyes, which reminded me at once of the descriptions I had read of the glorious eyes of the poet. She talked of her brother with an earnest enthusiasm, which was a beautiful mingling of pride and sadness. The sight of her, the sound of her voice, produced a strange effect upon me. *He* seemed looking through her eyes, and speaking through her lips. Well, she has joined him now, and told him how the tardy gratitude and admiration of the world has made of his grave, of his birth-place, of all the dear old places endeared to them both, pilgrim shrines, and that, for *his* sake, *her* last days were made better than her first, and her children cared for. She has told him, ere this, how his songs have become a part of the very *life* of his country, its lyrical laughter and tears, sorrows and exultations, passions and prayers. Adieu,

GRACE GREENWOOD.

THE MEMORY OF BURNS.

At the Burns celebration in Boston, the following poem was read by the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table:"—

POEM BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

January 25, 1859.

His birthday. Nay, we need not speak
The name each heart is beating,
Each glistening eye and flushing cheek
In light and flame repeating!

We come in one tumultuous tide,
One surge of wild emotion,
As crowding through the Frith of Clyde
Rolls in the Western ocean;

As when you cloudless, quartered moon
Hangs o'er each storied river,
The swelling breast of Ayr and Doon
With sea-green wavelets quiver.

The century shrivels like a scroll,
The past becomes the present,
And face to face, and soul to soul
We greet the monarch-peasant.

While Shenstone strained in feeble flights
With Corydon and Phillis—
While Wolfe was climbing Abraham's Heights
To match the Bourbon lilies—

Who heard the wailing infant's cry—
The babe beneath the shieling,
Whose song to-night in every sky
Will shake earth's starry ceiling—

Whose passion-breathing voice ascends
And floats like incense o'er us,
Whose ringing lay of friendship blends
With Labor's anvil chorus.

We love him, not for sweetest song,
Though never tone so tender,
We love him, even in his wrong—
His wasteful self-surrender.

We praise him not for gifts divine—
His muse was born of woman;
His manhood breathes in every line—
Was ever heart more human?

We love him, praise him, just for this:
In every form and feature,
Through wealth and want, through woe and bliss,
He saw his fellow-creature!

No soul could sink beneath his love—
Not even angel blasted;
No mortal power could soar above
The pride that all outlasted!

Ay! Heaven set one living man
Beyond the pedant's tether—
His virtues, frailties, He may scan,
Who weighs them altogether!

I fling my pebble on the cairn
Of him, though dead, undying;
Sweet Nature's nursling, bonniest bairn,
Beneath her daisies lying.

The waning suns, the wasting globe,
Shall spare the minstrel's story—
The centuries weave his purple robe,
The mountain-mist of glory!

The company rose and gave the Doctor three cheers at the conclusion of his poem.

"Aw a Muddle."—The Indiana people have not only revoked their disgraceful laws granting divorces with scarcely a show of even formality, but are inclined to go farther and undo what has been done. The following undivorce case, which we find noted in the Indianapolis Citizen of a recent date, presents some knots for law students to bother their heads at untieing. The Indiana Court told Mr. M'Twigg he could shuffle off the then Mrs. M'Twigg, and marry again, and he married again. Now the same Court tells the then Mrs. M'Twigg, that it told Mrs. M'Twigg wrongly, and that she is the only genuine Mrs. M'Twigg living, and has a right to oust the so-called Mrs. M'Twigg from the possession of said Mr. M'Twigg. It is a case quite laughable to an outsider, but particularly serious to M'Twigg and the second Mrs. M'Twigg.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

The Romance of Religion—The King of Cooks—The Reverse of a Brilliant Medal—Practical Chemistry—How Fortunes are Made—The Victorious Chess-Players.

Paris, December 30, 1858.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

Christmas-Day has again been celebrated here in the usual way, i. e., as a strictly religious festival; the family-gatherings, the dinners to work-people and the poor, and the general waking up to the fact that "all men are brethren" or were meant to be such, which imparts, despite the hardness of our modern "Iron Age," so genial a glow to the heart of the Christmas-loving people on the northern shore of the Channel, forming no part of the French programme for the celebration of the twenty-fifth of December. Whatever is done here in that way is reserved for New Year's Day; and even that day is devoted more to letting off the sparkles of gaiety and vanity than to the re-kindling of the embers of family union and social kindness. The Christmas fete, such as it is in most Catholic countries, was ushered in by the usual celebration of the Midnight Mass, which begins exactly at twelve o'clock on Christmas Eve. The churches, this year, were splendidly lighted, and crowded with a host of worshippers. In fact the fashionable churches were so full that it was hardly possible to turn one's head round; the music was very fine, and the scene very brilliant and imposing.

The shops have been much later than usual in coming out with their display of New Year's temptations. With the exception of a few of the very grandest, they seem to wish to reserve their seductions until the last moment; but the show, for being delayed, will doubtless be none the less imposing; and the general belief seems to be that the amount of sales will this year be larger than ever. Within a day or two the rows of ugly little wooden booths that disfigure the Boullevards for a few weeks at this season, are springing up like mushrooms from day to day; and the theatres are beginning to get ready the fairy-spectacles and other extravaganzas with which they are wont to delight the public eye and ear at this season.

The windows of Cheact, of Chabot & Potel, and the one or two other leading vendors of artistic "vittles" are really, just now, a sight worth seeing. The former house, the most famous in Europe, is usually the scene of such a marvellous display in this line, that a crowd is to be found stationed outside its great windows in the Palais-Royal, almost as a matter of course; but just now there is no getting by without laborious pushing, and ingenious edging of one's way through the mass of admiring gazers there stationed. Imagine every variety of game, fish, poultry, pies, cheeses, and a thousand things of which you know not the name, all looking most tempting, and arranged with a skill and effectiveness as admirable as these tempting-looking objects themselves; bags, canisters, pots, and boxes, hinting at delicate treasures too precious to be exposed, gratis, to the public gaze, the whole filling three or four great windows, affording a clear view of the extensive premises within, piled from floor to ceiling with the elements of artistic cheer, and filled with bustling clerks and aristocratic-looking customers, and you will have some idea of the famous shop which constitutes one of the "features" of the capital. But the fruit here displayed is, after all, the crowning glory and attraction of the establishment; American apples, the choicest of their family, pears as big as your head, medlars of preternatural size and plumpness, gigantic pine-apples, grapes that must have come from the valley of Eshcol, dates, bananas, oranges, pomegranates, green almonds, strawberries and cherries, growing in pots, and glowing with the hues of summer; in short the finest fruit of every season and of every clime, in perfect condition, brought together here in gray and chilly Paris, in midwinter. As to the mysteriously odorous scents that float up from the grated windows of the underground cellars, pervading the surrounding atmosphere as with an incense offered in honor of the genius of the board, they are at once unimaginable and indescribable!

All the eating-houses of the capital come out particularly strong just at this season; and very wonderful places they are. Who, indeed, has not heard of the brilliance and excellence of the Paris restaurants? of their elegant saloons, with richly painted walls, relieved with mouldings and gilding, of their magnificent chandeliers, their prompt and obliging waiters, their succulent and varied fare? And this high reputation is not confined merely to the first rank of these establishments, the *Maison Dorée*, *Vegret* and the *Trois Freres Provincaux*: the very cheapest of these eating-houses are acknowledged to give to the visitor more food, and of a more inviting and palatable description than could be obtained at the same price in any city; while the middle-class restaurants, such as those which abound in the Palais-Royal and its neighborhood may be considered as the type of, are universally admitted to be models in their own way, and their introduction into other countries greatly desired, by the crowds of visitors who frequent them during their visits to the metropolis, and who have not had the advantage of an introduction to the hidden mysteries of these establishments.

In this class of restaurants, you are supplied with a lunch at twenty-seven *sous*; a dinner at forty-two *sous*, and even less. At the former meal, you are at liberty to call for two plates of meat, poultry, or fish, one plate of vegetables, and a plate of dessert; you are also supplied with bread, and half a bottle of claret, which you may exchange for another plate of anything you like to call for; and in many of these places you are treated to radishes and butter, in addition to all the other items. At dinner, you have a basin of soup, three plates of fish, flesh, or fowl, vegetables or salad, pastry or fruit, wine, and more bread than you can eat. You may vary your repast as you please; you have the right of calling for so many dishes, but choose whatever you please among the things provided on the bill of fare for the day.

In fact, you get such a quantity for your money, that you must be blessed with an amazing appetite if you can manage to get through with half of the viands set before you. And though the cookery is not of the very finest, the flavor of all is exceedingly tolerable; and many of the dishes appear to be really very good. People who only frequent these places occasionally, are enthusiastic in their praise of the entertainment afforded by them, though the style of preparation is often found to pall on the appetite after a long series of visits. A large portion of the Paris public, however, is in the habit of "feeding" almost entirely at these eating houses; a *restaurant* often keeping the same *habitues* for years together.

"How is it possible for these houses to furnish, at so low a price, a dinner which would cost at least five times the sum if one bought the materials in the market, and had them prepared in one's own kitchen!" is the query naturally prompted by a visit to the establishments in question; a query by no means fully answered by the economy, however evident, which is realized in all operations made on a large scale, and in which the purchased materials, and the arrangements for the preparation of the same, are all carried on wholesale.

Alas! for the reputation of these surprising and most convenient establishments. It is perfectly well known to all who have taken the trouble to look into the matter, that while the "pick" of the various markets is secured by the high-priced *restaurants* of the highest class, the supplies of their inferior competitors are composed of the very refuse of each department. Horse-flesh forms the staple of the beef and mutton; the game, poultry, eggs and butter are not only of the lowest quality, but a corps of agents are constantly on the lookout for all the "spoiled" fowls, hares, partridges, &c., which have become putrid on the shelves of the dealers, and which they buy up expressly for the middle-class *restaurants* of the capital. Persons who have penetrated behind the scenes, declare that nothing can be more revolting than the sight of the "supplies" thus furnished to houses that are receiving hundreds of lunchers and diners every day, and making a fortune by the mysterious alchemy of their kitchen. The "supplies" in question are received by the head of the establishment, and skillfully doctored by him with the aid of various chemical agents, by means of which treatment all disagreeable odor is neutralized, and all appearance of decay gotten rid of. Meat, poultry, game, &c., thus scientifically purified and rejuvenated, horseflesh, &c., being in a similar manner made to assume the appearance of beef or veal, they are passed on to the head cook, whose artistic skill is put into successful requisition to complete the disguise by imparting, through condiments, sauces, gravies, and the other appliances of the art of "flavoring," the desired hue and savor to each craftily concocted dish. This statement, however odd it may seem, and however unflattering to the dietary of these crowded establishments, is positively true; and affords the real, though very unsatisfactory explanation of the lowness of the price charged in these eating-houses, despite the steady and enormous rise in the price of every article of diet which has been going on here for the last few years.

As to the cookery of the *guinquettes*, and other eating places of the lowest class, there seems to be no doubt of the fact that numerous animals not recognized by the world as eatable, enter largely into the composition of the dishes. It is quite certain that cats of fine and plump condition *do* mysteriously disappear in Paris, as a matter of course, unless most sharply looked after by their affectionate owners; also that the sausage and meat-pie establishments are seized with a fit of spasmodic activity as soon as the spring *battue* of rats commences in the drains and sewers of the capital, and work day and night through the whole period of their continuance. The wide-spread belief that these two classes of natural productions, so inimical during their lifetime, meet at last in the peaceful quiescence of the highly-flavored *ragouts* which appease the appetite and gratify the palate of appreciating gastronomers who can raise five *sous* for an occasional treat at an eating-house of this category, would therefore seem to be not wholly devoid of foundation.—The broken bread, and remains of meat, vegetables, &c., left in the plates of visitors to restaurants of a superior class, also form a regular part of the *material* employed in the lower establishments. The larger remnants form the perquisite of the *maitre d'hotel*, the smaller ones that of the waiters, and the smallest of all, with the bones, and the scrapings of plates and dishes, together with the water in which the latter have been washed—which is carefully saved, and sells at the uniform rate of 20 francs the barrel—are the perquisite of the kitchen boys and scullions. The dish-water in question, enriched with the addition of the scraps of meat and vegetables aforesaid, becomes, with the aid of that knack of adaptation so characteristic of the French people in general, and that talent for concocting, flavoring, coloring, and serving up, so characteristic of French cooks in particular, and shared by even the lowest of their craft, metamorphosed into soups and stews which to those who know nothing of the previous history of their constituent elements, are neither unsavory nor unnutritious, however repugnant they might appear to optics uncomfortably enlightened upon the subject.

The "dark places" of Parisian consumption, however, contain abysmal horrors of far deeper blackness even than the revolting compositions just alluded to. Incredible as it may seem, it is none the less true, that the enormous quantities of miraculously cheap sponge-cake and gingerbread, really *looking* very inviting, that are hawked about every corner of Paris, and so extensively "gone into" by the poorer class of purchasers, are prepared from the bits of broken bread procured from the very lowest of the eating-houses, or picked out by the *chiffonniers* from the heaps of offal thrown into the streets for removal by the city-scavengers, all of which is soaked in a bath of some cunning chemical mixture which gets all the dirt out of it, whitened by the use of soda or other "vicious stuff," and then made up into the two popular forms of cake under which it is so eagerly bought by the "unwashed" of the city.

Nor is this, perhaps, the most revolting of the "dodges" of chemistry and cupidity combined, of which the commissariat of the lower regions of this acute metropolis furnishes so many astounding examples.

Some years ago an ingenious speculator, one Paul Niquesse by name, opened a grog-shop in one of the densest and lowest quarters of the town, where for three *sous*, the unwashed amateurs of strong drink were supplied with a large glass of a compound which professed to be brandy, and which the admiring public who frequented the establishment baptized by the name of "*cric*." The shop and the "*cric*" soon became the rage among a certain class of the working population; and the precincts of Paul Niquesse were crowded from morning till night with bands of *ouvriers*, all eager to exchange three *sous* for a big glass of the nondescript, high-flavored, and intoxicating beverage. Young men of the higher classes would also often resort to the establishment of Paul Niquesse, partly from a curiosity to taste the wonderful "*cric*," but still more for a sight of the motley crowds collected there; but all took precious good care to divest themselves of every outward sign of a higher social position than that of the *habitues* of the place, by donning a *blouse* and a cap in the fashion of those usually worn by the Paris *ouvriers*. So rough and so "rowdy" in fact were the usual frequenters of this drinking-shop, that any one who should have ventured among them with the costume and appearance of a gentleman, would have been sure of meeting with a very uncomplimentary reception, and would even have incurred some danger of being violently ousted from the place. After enjoying a continuous run of popular favor for a few years, the owner of the establishment retired into private life, having amassed the modest sum of one million and a half francs, simply and solely by the sale of his delectable and mysterious "*cric*."

And what *was* this "*cric*?"—I fancy I hear the more inquisitive of your readers exclaiming at this point of my history. In order to enlighten the darkness of inquiring minds on this interesting point, I must remind your readers of the existence of the far-famed Garden of Plants in the south-eastern suburb of this pleasant city; begging them to remember also that the establishment in question comprises, in addition to an army of live birds, animals, and reptiles who inhabit the pits, huts, houses, and aviaries scattered through its grounds, an equally extensive collection of dead "specimens" carefully preserved in its fine museums. Some of these have been skillfully denuded of their flesh, and are exhibited in all the severe simplicity of mere skeleton-structure; others, again, are nicely stuffed, furnished with glass eyes, and display to the eye of the student the veriasimilitude of their former selves "in their habit as they lived;" others, again, are put up with equal care in glass vessels filled with spirits of wine. This last division is exceedingly extensive; thousands of gallons of the conservative fluid being employed for this purpose.

Now, despite the care of curators and their ministering subs, defunct "specimens" in spirits of wine undergo, in process of time, the same disintegrating changes which wait upon their fellow-beings not honored by admission into the alcoholic element; the processes of nature's chemistry go on more slowly, but as surely; and consequently there comes a time for each glass bottle and vase, when, its contents being no longer fit for purposes of scientific illustration, they are summarily ejected in order that fresh ones may be bottled up in their stead. Fresh spirits of wine being always employed in the putting-up of fresh specimens, the old fluid is rejected along with the bottled horrors which have been preserved in it; and becoming a perquisite of some of the *employes* of the establishment, immense quantities of this villainous stuff are sold by the latter, at a very low price, to any one who will take it off their hands. Does the inquisitive reader begin to get a glimmering of the real nature of the "brandy" which made the "*cric*" which made the fortune of the ingenious Paul Niquesse, and which, *horribile dictu!* was nothing else than the abominable spoiled alcohol of the jars of the Museums of the Garden of Plants, well watered, well doctored with burnt sugar, and all the occult chemical agents employed by the imitators of "Cognac," and sold by him, very brown, very aromatic, and very fiery, at three *sous* per tumbler, to a confiding and enthusiastic public? And, strange to say, though the secret of the wonderful "brandy" leaked out in course of time, the customers of Paul Niquesse seemed to care nothing about it, but swallowed the unspeakable mixture with as much avidity as ever. And the old original grogshop, having since passed through several hands, keeping to its old recipe, and maintaining its old favor, has made the fortune of all its proprietors, and is doing as much at the present day for its present owner.

So much for "glimpses behind the scenes!" Were we to pursue the same process of inquiry into other departments of the brilliant shows about us, it is tolerably certain that we should arrive at similar discoveries, and be forced to admit once more, the truth of the old adage, that "all is not gold that glitters!"

Meantime, I can merely venture to add to this letter, already unduly long, the announcement in relation to the long and masterly struggle between Mr. Morphy and Mr. Anderssen, that the perfect good temper, courtesy, and good feeling that have distinguished the champions in this scientific tournament seem to have excited as much admiration as their magnificent playing. Mr. Anderssen, who is Professor of Mathematics at the University of Breslau, returned to his post immediately on the conclusion of the match.

QUANTUM.

LONG AGO.

On that deep retiring shore
Frequent pearls of beauty lie,
Where the passion waves of yore
Fiercely beat and mounted high;
Sorrows that are sorrows still
Lose the bitter taste of woe:
Nothing's altogether ill
In the griefs of Long Ago!
—*R. M. Milnes.*

☞ The End of Celibacy.—Sigh!

HOPE'S CRUCIFIXION.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Golgotha's cross is reared in many a heart,
And oft thereon a scourged Hope doth smart
With direst agony;
Yet we may bring no healing Gilead balm,
Nor breathe those words which should compose and calm
In life's extremity.

Oh, lot, beyond all other lots accurst,
To watch the loved lips caleine with hot thirst—
A thirst than death more dread—
And he, while "water" is the husky cry,
Compelled to even this sweet gift deny,
And offer gall instead.

Thou art a fierce inquisitor, oh, World,
Even when Life's tattered flag at last is furled—
"Enough" thou dost not cry,
But yet profanely must approach our dead,
With rude hands smiting the defenceless head,
Mocking the rayless eye.

Then Hope is buried in the vault of night,
So bruised, so maimed, we scarcely dare to write
Resurgam on her tomb;
Yet long, long after, in the hushed dream-hours,
Her spirit haunteth the heart's corridors,
Star-like amid the gloom.

Pittsburg. ELEANOR BERESFORD.

GLANCES AT MY PRESENT CRUISE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY THE AUTHOR OF "GLANCES AT MY LAST CRUISE."

My last sketch left us getting up steam preparatory to leaving the Japanese port of Nagasakie for that of Simoda—distant five hundred miles to the north-east. We had a pleasant run of between two and three days, and anchored on the 25th of July, 1858, in our half sheltered port of destination. It is now the 5th of August, and we are again underway—steaming back to Nagasakie, and thence to Shanghea, China, where we shall meet the mail. The events, &c., of the past ten days being full of interest I wish to devote this and the following article to them.

In case the reader should not already be aware of the fact, I will first remark that in the year 1855 the government of the United States, in consequence of a provision of the treaty concluded by Commodore Perry at Kanagawa in the year previous, sent a Consul-General to reside at the port of Simoda. The name of this gentleman was Townsend Harris, that of his secretary Henry Heurkens, and they were taken to Simoda by the United States steamer San Jacinto. Upon their arrival the Japanese evinced no desire to have them remain, but, on the contrary, endeavored to drive them away by several most ingenious devices. One of these was contained in the following words:

"We acknowledge your perfect right to reside among us, but, unfortunately, we have at present no house ready to receive a person of your rank. Go away, therefore, and return again at the end of a year, when we will have everything ready to accommodate you in a style that will be more in keeping with your elevated position."

Mr. Harris, however, had lived too long in the East to permit himself to be thus weathered by their cunning, and so replied that he would be content to put up with the most ordinary shelter until such time as they should be able to accommodate him with a proper building. He ended the argument by expressing his determination of landing that very night, and desired that a person of rank might receive him at the beach and conduct him to the quarters—no matter how unpretending—that would doubtless be assigned him.

The results of this conciliatory, but at the same time firm bearing, were of the most happy nature. Upon landing he was received by an officer of rank, who, with great politeness, conducted him to a large temple situated upon a slight eminence back of the beach, having immediately in its rear a densely wooded hillside, and being fronted by a large yard, over which were spread the wide arms of several large oaks. The level of this yard was reached by a flight of massive stone steps, and once there one was entirely removed from the noise and confusion of the lower town. A more beautiful residence could hardly have been furnished him had the Japanese had a king to house, and years to do it in. There was one thing, however, which grated unpleasantly upon the republican ideas of our Consul-General. The Japanese had indeed given him a fine house, but they had, at the same time, filled its outbuildings with officials, whose only duty seemed to be to smoke their small pipes, drink their green tea, and make notes of his every movement. It was this system of espionage which grated unpleasantly upon his republican feelings, and he at once determined to have it done away with.

"Why am I constantly watched?" he asked, "I am a government official, not a suspicious vagrant."

"These officers are only furnished you as a body guard," was the soothing reply.

"Well! I do not want a guard. If they are not withdrawn, and my movements left untrammelled, I can but consider myself as your prisoner, (the San Jacinto had left in the meantime,) and shall accordingly haul down my flag, and inform my government of the fact."

"Oh, no!" replied the Japanese. "You are not our prisoner! You are our very good friend!"

Of course the guard was withdrawn at once, and it is now a received fact that Mr. Harris exercises more influence at the Court of Yeddo than any previous resident foreigner. Thus began the first Americans, indeed the first foreigners for nearly three centuries, to reside in Japan.

At first their time passed dryly enough. Long walks, and books, and a growing intercourse with the local authorities, comprising their list of amusements. At the end of a few months, however, an application which they had made for permission to visit Yeddo was granted, and preparations for the journey at once commenced. Having once given the (to others oft refused) permission, the Emperor seemed determined that nothing else should be wanting. He ordered a large sedan chair to be made, so large that one could recline at full length, fitted up in the most luxurious style, put it on the shoulders of twelve strong men, detailed twenty-four others to relieve them by turns when they should be tired, surrounded it by a guard of honor of one hundred soldiers, and then sent it from Yeddo across the mountains to Simoda as an imperial present to his "good friend, the American Consul-General." He also divided the mountain route into seven daily stages, at the end of each of which he caused *to be built* a comfortable house to receive him in after each day's travel. It was farther ordered that he be received everywhere with the respect extended to a prince of the empire. Thus, in seven pleasant rides, went the two Americans from Simoda to Yeddo. Speaking of Simoda reminds me of an incident in regard to it which has only lately become known, and which I shall stop to relate, as it will throw a ray of light upon the construction of the government of Japan.

When Commodore Perry asked for Simoda as one of the ports to be opened to our commerce, the Japanese objected, and urged upon him some other selection. He remaining firm, however, they finally consented, and it was in due time visited by our ships. Now after the lapse of several years appears the reason why they objected to that particular port. *It belonged to the Prince of Idzu, not to the Emperor, and the latter could not therefore dispose of it.* It seems that ninety-nine out of the hundred parts of Japan *are owned by the princes*, while only about the remaining one hundredth part pertains to the government. Thus if the latter wishes to build a fortification or other public work upon land belonging to a prince, *it must first purchase it.* Thus when Commodore Perry insisted upon having Simoda, it could not be granted him until the Prince of Idzu should consent to sell it. Thus became the Prince of Idzu one of the commissioners appointed to meet Commodore Perry.

Mr. Harris was so much pleased with his first visit to the Emperor that he made a second, and was speaking of a third when we arrived. He had altogether passed about five months in Yeddo, he told us; had been quartered in a large palace surrounded by a heavy stone wall, entertained in the most hospitable manner by the princes, received by the Emperor, and watched curiously by every one else. One of these princes (Cinano-no-Kami, *Prince of Cinano*), was particularly friendly, and being a man of large wealth, spared neither pains nor money to secure him a pleasant time. It being against Japanese etiquette for great people to attend the theatres, he got up a series of private theatricals for him at his palace, during which some most astonishing feats of jugglery were performed. I will end this article by speaking of some of these feats—Mr. H.'s word being my authority.

There was one man who took a four square piece of iron twenty-three inches long and five-eighths through, and who, after lubricating it well with saliva, straightened himself up and passed it down his throat until only one inch was left outside of his mouth. At the end of a few moments he drew it quickly forth, wiped it carefully, and rolled it up in a clean linen cloth. The same performer threw an egg ten or twelve feet in the air, and caught it upon the flat of a shingle so expertly that the shell remained unbroken. Another of the party threw half a dozen paper butterflies into the air, and caused them to fly gracefully about his head, simply by the creation of gentle currents of air with an ordinary fan which he held in his right hand. This, Mr. Harris said, was truly a most remarkable feat. The movements of the butterflies were most life-like, and they were turned in any and every direction by the magic fan. He was asked to designate some spot where he would like one to alight, and mentioned the man's head. Immediately one of them hovered toward the well-shaved crown, and after a moment of apparent hesitation, rested upon it.

"Where would you like others to alight?" was now asked.

"Let one go on each ear," was the reply, and a moment later it was complied with.

"Now stop your fan an instant," next said Mr. H.

The fan stopped, and down tumbled the flies like any other pieces of paper falling through the air.

Reader, I suppose that you, like I, would like to see all this for yourself. But Mr. H. is a man whose account of it cannot be questioned. He also told us of another great feat, known to the Japanese as "the top dance." A man spun his top upon the ground, caught it up in the palm of his hand, and thence transferred it to the edge of a sword. Now dropping slightly the point of the weapon, the revolving top moved slowly along the edge, until at the very extreme, and then returned with the same ease toward the hilt, as that was in turn depressed. Then he turned the sword slowly, and as he turned, the top worked up slowly upon *the back*, after which it soon ceased revolving, and fell into his hand. Again he spun it *in the air;* and as it spun (he retaining the end of the string in his right hand), it wound itself up again ready for another cast. Spinning it yet again, it this time deliberately climbed a pole, upon the top of which was perched a small house, opened (knocked in) the door, and disappeared. I suppose the reader would like to see this also, and, to tell the truth, I must own to a similar weakness. At the same time, it was undoubtedly witnessed by our Consul.

I once asked Mr. Nishi Kichisuro, the Governor's chief interpreter at Nagasakie, if there were a great many of these jugglers in Japan, and if they ever made money and became persons of importance. He replied that they were to be found *everywhere*, that they were, in fact, so plentiful that their feats excited surprise only in children, and that consequently their receipts were trivial. I then asked him if he knew how far back their existence could be traced, to which he replied, no.

"Have you no historical or other books which would tell us?" I next inquired.

At this he looked very grave, replying cautiously that *Japan had no history.*

This singular assertion in regard to a nation which has a written language, caused me to inquire further, and the result of these inquiries was the following interesting piece of information. I received it from the Dutch gentlemen residing at Nagasakie:

It seems that when the Roman Catholic missionaries gained a footing in this country, some three hundred years since, they, among other things, made great efforts to collect, and put into a connected form, everything relating to its past history. When, therefore, they were shortly after expelled for conspiring to bring the whole nation within the fold of their church, their embryo history was not only destroyed with them, but an imperial edict was issued to the effect that *no future history of Japan should be written by any one.* Our Dutch friends informed me that there were probably more than one *incomplete* history in the various libraries of the independent princes, but that if such were the case, the thing was kept very quiet. It is greatly to be hoped that as this century of progress and improvement grows older, their policy may become more liberal, and some of these dusty volumes gain courage to open their pages to a curious and ever-inquiring world. The ice of Japan was broken four years since—it now remains to be seen how far the crack will extend.

BIRTHDAY PRESENTS.

The following, by a *serious* diarist, is from Punch's Almanac for 1859:—

Jan. 8.—My dear wife Maria's birthday. She had been taking good care to remind me of it; by showing the dear children, in my hearing, things that I had given her on other anniversaries. Breakfast allusions to a new dress. Dinner allusions to Adelaide's bracelet. Inter allusions to Mrs. De Winton's coral wreath. I do not approve of this system, as it shows, I think, a want of that conjugal confidence in a partner without which there can be no true matrimonial happiness; so I accidentally managed to forget the day. This was providentially a saving in two ways—first, in the price of the present thus evaded, and, secondly, in the hire of a brougham to a party next day, at dear Charles's, to which dear Maria was, I suppose, too sulky to go; but I did not inquire, for a husband should not be too curious. It is our duty to our dear ones to be economical where we can, without derogating from the station to which we are appointed.

Feb. 17.—My dear brother James's birthday. When we were children we used always to exchange tokens of friendship and affection on our natal days, and I think that the cold and chilling influences of the world should not be allowed to discourage these practices of fraternal regard. So I wrote him a very kind letter, reminding him that he was growing old, and that neither his health nor his intellect was what it had been; and that if I had prospered, I had claims upon me which would prevent my doing anything for him or his. And as mere advice without some actual token of regard might seem cold, I playfully reminded him that it was his birthday, and sent him as a present a cancelled note-of-hand for £10, which I lent him eleven years ago. May he never need more aid, dear fellow!

March 24.—My dear daughter Laura's birthday. She has pleased me very much lately; for she has taken pains to break with some needy relations who were inclined to presume upon our relationship, and to visit us too often, and she has managed to offend them so gracefully that they cannot complain, and yet can hardly be so mean as ever to intrude again. Also, at my wish, she has discarded Captain Hardup, and contrived to let my rich old friend Grub Mouldywort see that his attentions are not disagreeable. I augur the very best for the dear child's future; and feeling that I ought to do everything for her, I presented her to-day with a pair of dumb-bells to improve her figure. They had belonged to my sister, deceased, but were nearly new. May they prove beneficial.

April 9.—My dear and worthy partner, Stoggins's birthday. He has been with me for many, many years, and from his having been a faithful and attached clerk, I raised him to his present condition of partner, nominally, it is true, as regards profits, but with the advantage of associating with me on equal terms (though I cannot cure him—why should I? good fellow! of the respectful "Sir,") and of knowing that in that little word, Co., is embraced, though the world is not to know it, the word Stoggins. Our truest joys are those we look up in our own breasts, and I am sure I do not grudge him this. Having bought myself a new pencil case I presented him with my old one, which, if he repairs, it will serve him well, and he was pleased to see I remembered the day. May he long be spared to serve me!

May 16.—My dear old mother's birthday. Gladly would I have made her a costly present, but that as she is entirely taken off my hands by my brother-in-law, whose means are not very large, it would perhaps cause invidious comparisons to his disadvantage, did I lay out any large sum in testimony of my love and affection. Nor would she wish it, with her sense of family duty, she having nothing to leave for my children in return for what their father's liberality might take from them. Yet I thought of a silver urn, or Sevres ornament, to be restored to us when my beloved parent's interest in sublunary things should cease; but I have not, alas! that confidence in Jane's honor that would make me certain of the restoration, and we should not tempt the weak. So I sent my dear parent a photograph book-mark representing a sacred subject, for her prayer-book. Bless her!

June 23.—My dear boy Robert's birthday. I think that, as a loving father, it *is* my duty to make a record of my gratitude that my children are likely to reward me for my affectionate care of them. Robert's school is, it is true, costly, but I do not think that I could maintain him much more cheaply at home, while he is rapidly acquiring knowledge which will soon entitle me to point out to him, dear fellow! that he must provide for himself. He is at home for the holidays, and I am thankful to say that at a very slight suggestion from me, he abandoned all ideas of fishing parties and other frivolities, and attends at my office from nine to six every day, dusting, sorting and cataloguing my papers. He will complete the work by the time he returns to school. Gave the dear fellow a brass seal with his initial R., which I expressly bought for him. Bless him!

July 19.—My dear Aunt Mary's birthday. I am always much perplexed how to act upon this occasion; for she is blessed with wealth, and it is my duty to my children to neglect no lawful means of pleasing her; but then she is occasionally liable to be evilly influenced by the worldly family of my cousin Walter, and might so allot her property that I should have thrown away the seed I had sought to sow.—Happily, a middle way was shown to me. A client who had deposited with me a large picture, was distressed, and accepted a small sum for it, and I presented it to my beloved relative. If it be worthless, the blame be with him who sold it to me; but I am unlearned in such things, and it looks imposingly. May it providentially prosper my cause!

Aug. 22.—My dear niece Alice's birthday.—Unguardedly, in early days, when one does not feel the responsibilities of life as one should do, I assented to become godfather to my dear brother Charles's eldest child. Custom has grown up between us that I should always present his first born with some token on her natal day. And heaven forbid that I should break that pleasant compact, so long as circumstances make it right to maintain it. But I have observed with regret certain indications that Charles has not the same command of money that he had; and as he stands in sponsorial relation to my little Polly, he might be induced, in making a present to her, to exceed his means in order to equal my gift to dear Alice. So, with reluctance, restricted myself to a silver thimble for her. May her industry be blessed!

Sept. 4th.—My dear mother-in-law's birthday. Consulted with my Maria upon the subject of showing her any attention, which I should naturally be glad to do, but that there are duties of self-respect we owe to ourselves. My dear wife was entirely opposed to my presenting Mrs. Blabber with anything. It would appear that she is divesting herself of many articles which might naturally be expected to come to us, or to ours. Many choice books have been given to her godson, William, two China jars, liked by Maria, have gone to Hester Brown, and the newly married Sparrows have, it seems, promise of the rosewood table. Still, we must not be small or spiteful, and as we may yet save something by being on good terms with my dear wife's mother, I decided on giving her the large print prayer book, which I found so unaccountably in my carpet bag, after stopping at the Birmingham Hotel. May its teachings do her good!

Oct. 25.—My dear daughter Eleanor's birthday. She called on us with her husband, whose business on the stock exchange prospers, and who is every way worthy of the dear treasure I have confided to him. Samuels seems to have been lucky in time bargains, and indeed time is ever blessed to those who know the value of it. He is perfectly able to present dear Nelly with any elegancies or comforts which she may require, and there is no wisdom in expending money needlessly. So I playfully taxed her with having come to us to-day in the hope of getting a present, as when she was a little girl, at which I thought she showed some irritation, and therefore I told her, that to punish her, her husband should have the gift, not she; and I gave him some shares in a railway I am promoting. May it be privileged!

Nov. 12.—My dear sister Adelaide's birthday. This vale of life is thickly set with thorns, and few of us escape them. Dear Maria is continuously dissatisfied that I feel it right not to let a sister's love and faithfulness go unmarked, and a bracelet which I once bestowed on Adelaide has often been a matter of reproach. Yet did either Maria or Adelaide know that I found that bracelet, dropped in my office by an unworthy female client who is transported, neither would grudge it to the other. To-day we had an altercation, Maria having a fatal memory for dates, and I was asked how much I had laid out on my precious sister. Reproved Maria with severity and left her in tears. It was not for me to tell her that Adelaide knows more of certain past transactions than I could desire the world to know. Called on dear Adelaide, and gave her aunt Betty's garnets, on the understanding she got them reset, and was silent on the subject. May she keep so!

Dec. 31.—My own birthday. We are not to be over careful about creature comforts, but they are intended for use; and, as I knew the dinner at home was colder and simpler than I cared for, I sent my clerk to order me a private room, a good fire and a comfortable repast, at the Blue Posts. I was privileged to find all snug, and the soup, the fish, the cutlets, the *Salmi*, the omelette, the parmesan, the dessert, and all the wines and liquors, were, I hope, blessed to me. And in looking over my diary, as I drank my 20 port, I felt thankful that I had not only done my duty to those near and dear to me, but had been able to show them kindness and generosity. Having intimated to Maria that there was necessity for my sleeping in town, I was undisturbed by the thought of having to move, and I must have dozed into the New Year. May it be a happy one!

MUSIC.

Give music—music! Faintly o'er the sea
The night wind wanders free,
And curls the inky wave, and seems to moan
In a half-human tone.
Ah, from the shores of earth
Beauty for ever fades, and ruddy mirth:
Nor aught but grief returns
Incessant, as the stars refill their golden urns.

To the low murmur of the distant surge.
Oh, breathe a plaintive dirge,
Soft as the rustle of the summer breeze
Amid great forest-trees.
Or as the far-heard flight
Of myriad seabirds in the quiet night,
When mournful Autumn dyes
An amber hue green earth and th' o'erarching skies.

—*Dublin University Magazine.*

☞ Individual concessions are like political: when you once begin, there is no saying where you will stop.—*Bulwer Lytton.*

THE MAJOR'S STORY.

"I had been appointed to the *Staghound*, 4d, a fine frigate, as we thought in those days, but scarcely fit to be a jolly-boat to those they are building now. Small, however, though she was, there was room enough in her for the expansion of much good feeling, and we were what is called a happy ship. The skipper was a plain, sensible man, very different from the common run of boobies, who fancy that everything and man on board the ship is there for the sole purpose of swelling their own special pomp and dignity, and are always in dread lest they should knock out some of the stars with their numbskulls. He liked to see the duty well done, and had sense enough to know that work done 'with a will,' as the old saying goes, is sure to be well done. Knowing this, he laid his plans to make officers and men as comfortable as the circumstances would permit. It would be tedious and useless to say how he set about it—how the stupid old Admiralty counterblast to tobacco was put by on a shelf to be taken care of, while smoking was allowed at all hours; how every comfort and convenience obtainable was at once put in requisition; and how every indulgence was granted, so that the duty was first well provided for. Suffice it, that the skipper's efforts, ably seconded by the officers as soon as they saw his aim, were crowned with triumphant success; and we arrived on our station, at the mouth of the Fraser River, in the Oregon territory, with the ship, officers, and ship's company, all in the very best of health and spirits.

"It was a glorious place. We had contrived to get the ship over the bar, and were lying about two miles up, surrounded on all sides by forest clad hills and grassy valleys. Not far from us was a fort belonging to the Hudson Bay Company, to the officers of which the herds of half-wild horses that pastured in the valleys belonged. The woods teemed with game, and the water with fish; so that we never wanted a day's sport, nor a delicious addition to the dinner-table.

"For some time I gave myself up to a sporting life. The officers of the Company had kindly given us leave and assistance to catch and break as many horses as we pleased, and I, with a couple of smart nags—on which my servant attended as groom—my gun, and my rod, with an occasional excursion into the land of poesy, was as happy as the day was long—

"'Got any of your poems now, major?' interrupted the paymaster. 'I should say you would beat Byron into fits. I had a messmate once who was a grand poet. Here are two of his lines—

"'Let's hurl these despots from their glittering thrones,
And make 'em eat unutterable bones.'

Fine—isn't it? He repudiated the last line, and accused us of sticking it in; but that, you know, was only his modesty.'

"I sent the poems to a magazine; but the editor had no soul, and I have reason to believe he lit his pipe with them.'

"'Ah, that shows there was fire in them, at anyrate,' said the paymaster.

"'Oh, shut up, Brooks, and let the major go on with his yarn,' exclaimed one of the audience.

"Well, to proceed," continued the major. "Many of our fellows used to visit at the fort; but I, being of a bashful and retiring nature, contented myself with smoking one cigar with the inhabitants, and then returned to my former amusements. I had become accustomed to the absence of ladies' society from necessity, and should have gone on happily and prosperously until we left the place, had it not been for one unlucky day, and, one deceitful purser.

"The niece of the commanding-officer had lately arrived at the fort, and taken all hearts by storm. A blue-eyed, cherry-lipped, peach-cheeked, dimple-faced damsel of seventeen, whose clustering bright brown curls half hid—

"'Go it, major,' interrupted the paymaster; 'that's your sort. Gushing creature!'"

The major gave him a look which ought to have turned him into stone, and then continued his narration.

"The purser and I were the first favorites with the young lady, and the rest were nowhere. I could come on shore oftener than he could, and, taking advantage of this, I was most assiduous in my attentions. I danced with her, I walked with her, I sang with her, I read poetry with her, and I began to *teach her drawing.* All went smoothly as a marriage-bell. The perfidious purser had scarcely the ghost of a chance; and I felt sure that the sight of me in my full uniform, when she came off to church, one Sunday, had completely finished the business. But (Ah—h—h!) 'Man proposes, and Providence disposes.' Let me hasten to a conclusion (Oh—h—h—h!) before my feelings get the better of me.

"A picnic-party had been got up, mainly through my exertions. We mustered about fifteen, including Miss Edwardson. The scene of our rural felicity was to be a small grassy glade in the thick forest, just where a fine headlong trout-stream came dashing down into the bay—about as delightful a spot as can well be imagined; and right merrily did we enjoy ourselves. Among the crowd of admirers that surrounded her (there were always eight or ten,) Miss Edwardson distinguished none but me. The purser looked at me savagely—at her, dismally; and despite his natural buoyancy of spirit, was either silent, or spoke in monosyllables. As I observed his spirits declining, so did mine rise, until at last I had become quite the lion of the party. My wit sparkled under the approving eyes of that sweet girl; and as the wine passed round after our dinner, beside that glorious stream, I kept the table, or rather the table-cloth, in a roar; or, as the humor seized me, I got them into a sentimental mood, and set them thinking of their absent loves.

"We got to singing. The purser sang a song, the refrain of which was, 'There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip.' Ah—h—h! I remember it but too well. Many other fellows sang; and when it came, I gave them a beautiful little thing I had composed for the occasion, beginning—

"'Oh no! we never mention her
She's lovely—she's sublime! &c.'

Only I could not manage to keep out of *Ben Backstay* and *Coxon, rude Borean*, into which two songs I was constantly tumbling, owing to a defective, or, perhaps, a too retentive memory, assisted by sundry glasses of champagne, which I had taken to get my courage up to the popping-point. At last Miss Edwardson was prevailed upon to favor us, and she was getting on delightfully with *Love on, love on*, occasionally sending me up to the seventh heaven by a tender glance in the strong passages, when she suddenly broke off and exclaimed:

"'Oh, oh! Oh, the darling! the love! Oh, the sweet pet! the beautiful creature! Oh, the little beauty!'

"She was either looking at me or over my shoulder. For a moment I really was ass enough to believe that her passion for me had turned her brain; but seeing Williams rise from the grass rather hastily, and observing that he was intently regarding some object behind my back as I reclined beside my charming lady-love, I looked round, and there saw the cause of her exclamations. It was a beautiful little animal of the ermine species—at least so I thought, though its coat was pure white, and it had no black tip to its bushy tail. The impudent little wretch looked at us for a minute, and took it so easy that I began to think it must have been some escaped pet; and when Ellen sang out again: 'Oh, Mr. Guthrie—oh, see how tame it is!—oh, do catch it for me, please—oh, do!' I rose at once to do so. At the same moment, all the others rose. I saw that perfidious purser sign to them, and thought they were coming to assist. I did not notice till afterwards that they had all retreated in an opposite direction.

"The little beast had take up his station at the foot of a grand old tree. His stern was turned towards us, and he was quietly and complacently surveying us over his shoulder. I made a run at him, and my hand was nearly on him, when— Ah, me! the remembrance of my reception by that abominable animal I shall never forget. The love, the darling, the pet, the beautiful little creature, was neither more nor less than a SKUNK! I was almost suffocated, I was entirely beside myself with rage. I fell down, I yelled, I rolled in the grass, I rubbed the skin off my face. I held my nose, but the terrible effluvium got in at my mouth; I shut my mouth, and it rushed in at my nose. I screamed for help, and one or two of the less-experienced of our party came running down towards me; but no sooner had they got within fifty yards, than, simultaneously gripping their noses, they ran as if the Old Gentleman was after them. I rushed after the party myself, still vainly holding my nose; but no sooner did I approach, than they turned and ran as if for the bare life.

"I was intolerable to myself. The dreadful perfume nearly maddened me. All my rubbing and scrubbing only took the skin off, without giving me any relief. I tore off my coat and waistcoat, and rushed into the stream.

"There was a steep fall close at hand; and, there, under the dashing water, with just my nose and mouth out to get air, I sat. I dared not move out. Only when covered with water was existence tolerable.

"I had been there some time, when I heard a voice hailing. It was the purser's, and he was evidently holding his nose.

"'Hi, Tommy, where are you?'

"'Here,' I answered, in a most doleful tone—'here, under the water-fall.'

"'That was a skunk you tried to catch,' he called out, keeping a respectful distance, and still holding his nose.

"'Don't I know it, you confounded booby!'

"'Oh, I thought you might like to know the creature's name, in case you should ever fall in with another. Pretty little things, ain't they? Can I do anything for you?'

"'No,' I replied, savagely. 'I'm going on board.'

"'On board!' exclaimed Williams. 'Why, man, you'd clear the ship. Nothing can live within fifty yards of you, nor won't be able to for a fortnight to come. You don't know how strong you are.'

"'Don't I, though!' I thought, feeling at the same time that I was strong enough, in another sense, to give him a good thrashing, if I could only get out; but that was hopeless.

"'How queer you look there, under glancing water—quite like a jolly old river god. Well, look here. You can't go on board; you had better walk round the head of the bay until you come to a half-ruined hut which is there. There you will have to stay for a fortnight or three weeks; and if you keep in the water all the time, you will probably have ceased to be aromatic. At present, you know, you are dreadful. I'll send you round clean clothes, grub, liquor, and any other necessaries. Good-bye; take care of yourself. You'll have a very quiet life; I almost envy you. Good-bye.'

"I am almost sure I heard him stifling a laugh. Could I have proved it, this world should not have held us both much longer.

"Three mortal weeks did I exist, a miserable outcast, in that wretched hut. At the end of the second week, a messenger, holding his nose, presented me with a small packet. On opening it, I found it to contain a small portion of cake, and two cards tied together with white ribbon. On the small one was the name 'MR. WILLIAMS, R. N.;' and on the larger one, 'MRS. WILLIAMS.' My happiness was blasted forever! I vowed from that time forth never, never more to love.

"Good night; it's time for all reasonable people to be in bed," said the major, suddenly changing his tone from a sentimental whine to his natural voice. "Go to bed, then: and if you are good boys, I'll give you another story some other night."

DEAD AS A DOOR-NAIL.—This proverbial expression is taken from the door nail; that is, the nail on which, in old doors, the knocker strikes. It is, therefore, used as a comparison to any one irrevocably dead; one who has fallen, as Virgil says, *multo morte*, i. e. with an abundant death, such as reiteration of strokes on the head would naturally produce:

Falstaff. What! is the old king dead.
Pistol. As nail in door.—*Shakspeare's Henry IV.*

A FROST SONG.

TO THE TUNE OF A PAIR OF SKATES.

BY W. CHARLES KENT.

Drawn each strap through the buckle tightly,
Blocks screwed home to the dapper heel—
Away! on the iron skates so lightly
One scarce may the slippery surface feel:
Aha! for the whirl of our gliding motion,
With a joyous rush through the wholesome breeze,
Of which none yonder can form a notion,
Shivering under the snow-plumed trees.
Twittering, glittering—shod as with light,
Away! on our chirruping swallow flight.

Not jockey blithe on his blood-mare riding,
With foot well poised in the stirrup thong;
Not swiftest swimmer through green wave gliding,
With nerveful wrists and with ankles strong:
Oh, none but one as with buskin and sandal,
Thus reared on the crest of a steel-blue keel,
Can twit the sluggard a scorn and scandal,
With a twirling whirl and a wheeling reel
Twittering, glittering—shod as with light,
Away! on our chirruping swallow flight.

With sudden twist on the back-turn flashing
True to the metal as round it swerves,
Thridding the maze of a throng oft clashing,
Carve we some name in elastic curves—
Some dear name cut on the granite waters
With the rapid gleam of a grinding edge,
Twining for one of Earth's rosy daughters,
A lover's knot as our Gordian pledge.
Twittering, glittering—shod as with light,
Away! on our chirruping swallow flight.

Driven by a force that like fury lashes,
As though we were charging with pike or lance,
Swift—right and left—in alternate dashes,
Then feet together straight on we glance:
Till drifting by as in whirlwind eddy
We deftly skim round the Danger pool,
Ne'er slackening our pace, being rarely ready
To halt, upon grating heels, by rule.
Twittering, glittering—shod as with light,
Away! on our chirruping swallow flight.

THE ROCK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE RED COURT FARM," "THREE KINDS OF FOLLY," &c.

CHAPTER III.

"Well, if he ain't a grand sight, I never saw one. Why, his head's a stretching all down past here, and his tail's not out of the lodge gates yet!"

The speaker was a country-woman, standing inside the partially-opened door of one of a row of cottages, and peeping out. The doors of all were similarly being peeped through, though the shutters to the windows were closed, and the women and children, who were thus gazing, exhibited signs of having quitted their various household occupations, to look at the passing sight.

The intelligent reader may imagine, by the woman's remark, that some indescribable animal of fabulous length was looming by; but it was nothing of the sort: for the "head" was represented by two solemn mutes, gorgeously apparelled in the blackest of black, and the "tail" by a couple of undertaker's men, equally orthodox to look at; the middle comprised all the paraphernalia of a most extravagant funeral; coaches, horses, plumes, velvets, fringe, batons, attendants, carriers, mourners, ribbons, crape, white handkerchiefs, and pomp and vanity.

"I wonder what he cost now!" continued the woman, in the vernacular of the locality, which did not pay particular regard to genders; "he'll be a sight to remember, he will; and to tell our children on, when we grows old."

"Ah, she have done the thing handsome, she have; she haven't spared no money," replied the matron at the contiguous door, to whom the observations had been made.

"No more she oughtn't to spare it," retorted the first, in an indignant tone; "ain't it the last money he'll cost her?"

"Except the moniment over his grave in the church. I dare say they'll put him up a brave one, from the flagstones to the roof. But I say, what was up as it were put off from yesterday till to-day? It were to have been yesterday."

"Some relation of madam's, as were to come from Lunnon for it, and he couldn't get here afore to-day."

"Hush!" whispered the other. "Who's this?"

A gentlemanly-looking man, betraying somewhat of a military air, had been walking up the road, and halted close to the women, to gaze at the passing procession. He was a stranger.

"Whose funeral is that?" he inquired of one of them.

"Mr. Canterbury's, sir," both replied at once. "Mr. Canterbury's, of the Rock."

"A magnificent funeral. He must have been a man of some note."

"The richest gentleman for miles round, sir," answered the woman whose tongue was the loudest. "He were our landlord."

"Ah," returned the stranger, glancing down the row of cottages, "that explains why you are all shut up."

"There's not a house on the estate, sir, poor or rich, but what's shut close to-day. He has been took off sudden, like, at last; and not to say an old man either; three weeks he were ill."

"Does he leave a family?"

"He leaves a young wife and a child. His second wife, she were, and quite a baby by the side of him. His own daughters, sir, was years older than she were."

"And it's she and her child as gets all his big fortune," interrupted the other woman, jealous that the first should have the best of the talking. "The Miss Canterburys have been nobody with their father since he brought home his young wife, and they had to leave the Rock and live away. Good ladies they be!"

"Are there many daughters?" asked the stranger, who appeared to listen with interest.

"Four, sir; two married and two— There, sir, look, look! In that shiny black coach-and-six, what's a passing now, there's a gentleman a sitting forrard; you can see him well through the glass."

"What of him?" inquired the listener, wondering at the sudden abruptness of the woman.

"Why, sir, he's the husband of one of the young ladies, that's why I showed him to you. It's Mr. Rufort, Lord Rufort's son, and he married Miss Jane. He's our rector, but another gentleman's to bury Mr. Canterbury, and Mr. Rufort goes as a mourner. There! in that next shiny coach, that old gentleman with gray hair, a sitting bolt upright, that's Lord Rufort. It's just the way he sits his horse, and never bends his head one way nor t'other. The young ladies have not been friendly at the Rock of late, but they have went up since their father's illness, all but Mrs. Rufort, and she was ill and couldn't leave the rectory. Mrs. Kage went up, too, she did; and she stopped there."

"Who is Mrs. Kage?"

"She's young Mrs. Canterbury's mother, sir. Her father was a lord, too, and she ran away from home, when she was a girl, to marry Captain Kage, and it's said the old lord never forgave her. He's never left her no money, that's certain, and they were as poor as anybody till Miss Kage picked up Mr. Canterbury. It's known her mother put her on to the match."

"A match worth 'putting her on to,' by all account," remarked the gentleman, as he turned away.

The procession moved on to the church; and when the poor worthless body it had escorted was consigned to its kindred dust, the procession moved back again. A very few only of the immediate connexions of the deceased entered the Rock; the rest left the mourning coaches for their private carriages, and were driven off to their respective homes.

Those who entered the Rock were three, and Mr. Norris, the family solicitor, made four. Mr. Carlton, of the Hall, who was no relative; the Honorable and Reverend Austin Rufort, and Thomas Kage. All these were marshalled by Mr. Norris into the room where the family had assembled; Mrs. Canterbury and her mother; and the two Miss Canterburys, who had gone to the Rock that morning. Mrs. Canterbury, young and lovely in her widow's cap and her heavy black robes, sat with her boy on her knee; she had taken a whim to have him brought to her.

Mr. Norris proceeded to read the will; nearly the whole of the property, some eight or ten thousand a year, was bequeathed to Mrs. Canterbury and her child, to the exclusion of Mr. Canterbury's daughters by his first wife. "And I appoint Thomas Kage sole executor."

This last sentence, read with emphasis by Mr. Norris, was heard with surprise by several in the room, and with the most intense surprise by Thomas Kage himself. He was a little man, with a pleasant, truthful countenance, and bright dark eyes. He looked up in unfeigned amazement, and the color came flushing into his face. Mr. Norris ceased reading, and silence fell on the room.

"Would any one present wish to look at the will?" Mr. Norris inquired, holding it out.

"Oh, dear no," murmured Mrs. Kage, in her simpering, affected voice, as she fanned herself with a great black fan, and sprinkled some essence on the floor. "You can put it up, Mr. Norris."

Perhaps the lawyer deemed that the Honorable Mrs. Kage did not represent the interests of the whole company, for he held it out still, and glanced at Mr. Rufort. But Mr. Rufort answered by a bow of denial.

"There is no more to be seen than you have read, Norris, and our seeing it would not alter it," observed the plain-speaking Mr. Carlton. "My dears," he added, walking up to the two Miss Canterburys, "is it your wish to look at it?"

"To what end?—as you observe," replied Miss Canterbury. "No."

Mr. Rufort rose, as if to leave. Mrs. Kage, who assumed a great deal of authority at the Rock, though cloaked under a display of ridiculous inertness, addressed him.

"My dear Mr. Rufort, you are not going! We expect you to remain to dinner."

"Thank you. Mrs. Rufort's indisposition prevents me. Olive, shall I take charge of you and Millicent?" he continued in a low tone to Miss Canterbury.

Miss Canterbury's reply was to rise and put her arm within his.

"We will also wish you good-day, Mrs. Canterbury."

"Dear me, how very unsocial!" broke in Mrs. Kage, as she had recourse to her smelling-salts. "We thought you would all have stayed with us, dearest Miss Canterbury."

"Olive," interrupted Mrs. Canterbury, in a half hesitating voice, "we shall be happy if you remain. Do not bear malice."

"Malice!" returned Miss Canterbury, and her tone was certainly free from it, "we do not bear any; you are mistaken if you think so. To-day is not a day for the indulgence of malice, Mrs. Canterbury."

"At least say farewell in cordiality."

Mrs. Canterbury put out her hand, and Olive took it. Olive then stooped and kissed the child, her young half-brother, a gentle little fellow two years old. It was no doing of the child's, and Olive Canterbury was too just to visit ill-feeling upon him. Millicent also kissed him, and followed her sister and Mr. Rufort from the room.

"And now I'll go," cried Mr. Carlton, "and I wish you good-day, ladies. And I wish you luck over your office, sir," he added, in a marked manner to Mr. Kage: "it is one I scorned to undertake. Good-day, Norris."

Mr. Norris had been folding up the will, and now laid it on the table.

"Sir," said he to Mr. Kage, "any information or assistance that you may require, I shall be ready to afford. The first step must be to prove the will. But you are in a higher grade of the legal profession than I, and I need not offer superfluous suggestions," he concluded, remembering that Mr. Kage was a barrister.

"What a mercy that the scene has gone off so tranquilly," sighed Mrs. Kage, when, on the departure of the lawyer, she was left alone with her daughter and their cousin. "I expected, I don't know what, from the Canterbury women and that meddling Mr. Carlton. The presumption of *his* coming in to hear the will read! Had I been in your place, my dear, I should mildly have requested his withdrawal."

"Oh, what did it signify, mamma, whether he was present or not? I expected Olive Canterbury had sanctioned it."

"Darling child, how petulantly you speak!"

"Because I feel petulant," returned Mrs. Canterbury, who had truly spoken in a most fretful tone.

Mrs. Kage heaved another resigned sigh. Some persons might think she had not much cause for sighing, since she had just inherited to the tune of ten thousand pounds, just double what was left to the Miss Canterburys.

"I feel inclined to retire and compose myself for an hour. These gloomy epochs in daily life try one's nerves distressingly; it is a mercy they don't come often. Of all ceremonies, funerals are the worst for delicate susceptibilities, and a will reading—Thomas, you see, now, why I despatched a second and more urgent summons to you," Mrs. Kage broke off her fanning and her sentence to say. "I am sure you will look well after my dear child's interests."

She stepped, mincing, from the room. Mrs. Canterbury looked hard at her cousin; was it his marked expression of severity, cast towards her, which had caused her to "feel petulant?"

"Thomas, you are angry with me. What is the matter?"

"Whose business was it to make me executor to this will?" he uttered.

"Mr. Canterbury was, I think, the first to propose it, and I and mamma gladly acquiesced; there is no one I could like for it half so well as you."

"You ought to have assured yourself first whether I was willing to act."

"Would you have refused?" she quickly said.

"Yes. As others had already done."

"*Others* had not," she returned. "Only one had refused: Mr. Carlton. My husband asked no one else."

"I wish he had asked me. I feel this as a blow; I really do."

"You had better decline to act now," she resentfully rejoined.

"Such was my decision when the announcement came from the lawyer's lips. 'I will not act; I will proclaim publicly that I will have nothing to do with it,' were the thoughts that rose within me."

"You do not care what becomes of me or my interests."

"I am anxious for your best interests, Caroline; and, if I do consent to act, it will be at a cost that I would not encounter for any one else."

"What cost?" she exclaimed.

"The periling of my good name, and the coupling it with reproach and injustice. This is a will that must have censures cast upon it far and wide; what has hitherto been a mark for private scandal in its confined locality, henceforth becomes public, and the world will vie in hurling scorn at it."

"We know what the world's scorn is worth," she slightingly interrupted.

"Ay, Caroline; but I spoke of the scorn of good men. I, as your cousin and the sole executor of the will, cannot hope to escape; complicity is the least dark reproach that will be thrown at me. It has already begun; when Miss Canterbury and her sister bowed to me on quitting the room, and when Mr. Carlton followed with his marked words, I felt like a guilty accomplice, conscious that I was so appearing to them."

"I remember, a long while ago, you took *their* parts!"

"Yes," he vehemently interrupted, "and the conversation I then held with you ought to have prevented my being thus drawn in. Caroline, I said all to you then, that I thought I was justified in saying; I besought you not to suffer so unjust a will to stand; not to deprive Mr. Canterbury's daughters of their rights. Were the case mine, I would cut off my right hand, before it should so grasp the property of others."

Mrs. Canterbury let fall some tears.

"My husband was a kind husband to me, and I will not hear this reproach cast upon his memory."

"I cast reproach to you, not to Mr. Canterbury. He is gone. And were he not, were he sitting by your side, there, now, I would honestly aver before him that to you reproach was due, rather than to him. He was blindly fond of you, as the old are apt to be—excuse my plainness, Caroline, but this is no moment for mincing matters. Fond of you, indulgent to you, your husband would have listened to your slightest suggestion. You had only to say, 'Leave me and the boy less, and do justice to your daughters,' and he would have done it. I am convinced of this: Mr. Canterbury was not by nature an unjust man."

Mrs. Canterbury wept in silence; though she had never loved her husband, she felt natural grief at his death; and in this moment she was feeling it very much, and it was mixed up with a little self-reproach and a great deal of vexation.

"Just tell me one thing," she sobbed forth, as she drew her quiet little boy closer to her, "is this a fit theme for the very day that my husband is put into his grave?"

"Perhaps it is not," he returned, "but the conversation arose with circumstances; neither of us entered upon it with premeditation. We will resume it to-morrow, Caroline; and by that time I shall have reflected whether or not I will act."

"No," dissented Mrs. Canterbury; "if you chose to take till to-morrow to decide whether you will perform the part of a friend to me and this fatherless babe, you must do so, but if you have more to say on this point, say it now, for not another word will I listen to again."

"Not now; you have reminded me that to-day should be sacred."

"Now or never," she impetuously said; "it shall be for the last time."

"Then repair the injustice of the will," proceeded Mr. Kage. "Entirely you cannot: in a measure you may; continue to the Miss Canterburys the income hitherto allowed them by their father. And should this little fellow ever be taken from you," he added, laying his hand on the child's head, "repair it effectually, by giving up to them a fitting share of their father's fortune."

Mrs. Canterbury had opened her eyes very wide, astonishment driving away her tears.

"The income allowed to them was fifteen hundred a year?" she interrupted.

"I know it."

"And mine will not be much more than four thousand—including what I am to receive as personal guardian to the child; allow them fifteen hundred a year out of it, did you mean that?" she reiterated, unable to overcome her surprise at the proposition.

"It is what I should do, Caroline."

The young widow tossed her head with a trace of her old impetuosity.

"I would not so insult my husband's memory as to render his acts null and void. He did as he thought well, and I shall abide by it."

"Then you will not repair the injustice inflicted on the Miss Canterburys?"

"No, I will not—if you mean that giving them my inheritance would do it. But I do not recognize the will as unjust."

"I am ashamed to hear you say so, Caroline."

"What did I sell myself for, but to be rich?" she retorted, forgetting decorum in her angry heat. "Let the subject cease."

The following afternoon, Thomas Kage proceeded to the residence of the Miss Canterburys; but they were not at home; the servant said they were at the rectory with Mrs. Rufort. As he was turning towards it, he encountered the stranger, spoken of as having watched the funeral on the previous day. Both gentlemen stopped.

"Kage, it's never you!"

"Captain Dawkes, I think. How are you? I supposed you had sailed for India; I saw the departure of your regiment some weeks ago."

"Captain Dawkes no longer, unless by courtesy; I have sold out. Which way are you walking? This? I'll turn with you; all ways are the same to me, for I am an idle man just now; and a horribly bored one."

He put his arm within that of Mr. Kage, and they went onwards.

"I leave for London to-night," remarked Mr. Kage; "are you making a long stay here?"

"The Fates know. Kage, you are a good fellow, I remember that, of old; don't proclaim to everybody you meet in London, that you have seen me here. The mischief is, I have been going too fast, and it has left me more debts than money. I am here on the quiet, dodging from Sheriff's officers."

"Be at ease; I will forget that I have seen you," said Mr. Kage.

"I only got here the night before last—meandering about from one buried-alive village to another, like a wandering ghost. I wish I was a ghost sometimes."

"It is only a temporary embarrassment, I hope, like your former ones."

"I have got a rich old aunt, you know, and, if she would help me, it would be but temporary, but she has gone crusty. My liabilities compelled me to sell out, and she actually let me do it, and so ruined my prospects rather than square up. She had done it for me often before."

"There is whence the cause of her refusal may have come," remarked Mr. Kage. "You had tired her out."

"But one with her wealth has no right to be tired," argued the ex-captain. "Where's the use of rich relations, unless they shell out their money?"

Mr. Kage laughed.

"I look upon a rich relative as the greatest misfortune a fellow can be hampered with," continued Mr. Dawkes, "especially if she's an old maid and got no children. Where can she bestow her tin, but upon you? you naturally argue, and of course you go on extensively on the strength of it. But for this aunt of mine, I should have turned out as sober as a Quaker. I have written her fifteen pathetic letters since my rustication, and not one has elicited a reply. I came out strong in the one that went up yesterday, enlarging upon a tempting stream hard by, which looked frightfully like a soothing solace for griefs and sorrows: I paid three pence at the library for a novel to compose it from, and as she's a rigidly religious woman, I expect its effect will be an answer despatched, flying on the wings of Croesus, to prevent the hinted-at catastrophe. What brings you to this part of the country, Kage?"

"I came to attend the funeral of a friend."

"Oh, that's it: I see you are in fresh mourning and a crape on your hat. I hope it was a maiden relative, overdone with tin."

"No, it was Mr. Canterbury, of the Rock."

"That fine funeral! what a sight it was! I thought it must have been a duke royal's till I heard the name. He leaves hundreds of thousands, does he not?"

"Not to me. Have you seen much of the scenery round about here? It is very beautiful."

"What do I care for scenery? if it were gold mines, I might look at it. People are saying his will is an unjust one."

"Very unjust," replied Thomas Kage; "Mr. Canterbury has left his large fortune to his wife and son, to the exclusion of his daughters."

"She is well tied-up, of course, the wife?"

"She is not tied-up at all: and if the boy should die, the whole fortune reverts to her absolutely. The good old notions of right and wrong seem to be out of fashion, now-a-days."

"Completely so," assented Mr. Dawkes; "witness my selfish old aunt."

"And now I must leave you," said Thomas Kage, "for this is the rectory."

He sent in his card and was admitted. Mrs. Rufort, who after a long illness had come down that day for the first time, sat in an easy-chair by the fire, and her sisters, Olive and Millicent, were near her. Miss Canterbury, apologising for her sister's illness, rose in her stead to receive Mr. Kage. Her manners were politely stiff: she presumed he had called relative to business connected with their father's will.

"Relative to it," replied Mr. Kage, "but not to its business. Miss Canterbury, Mrs. Rufort allow me to speak freely, allow me to state my plain sentiments: I have come, hoping to do so."

Certainly he was free so to do, Miss Canterbury chillingly observed.

"More than two years ago I was present at the Rock, during a painful interview; you cannot have forgotten it, Miss Canterbury. I should have been glad to tell you how much I disapproved of what then came to my knowledge, and how entirely my sympathies were with your cause and your sisters', but opportunity was not afforded me, and I was too great a stranger to seek it. I gave my cousin, Mrs. Canterbury, my opinion, before I departed for town, and hoped and believed that what I said might induce her to urge the claims of justice on her husband. I heard no more of the affair until yesterday: and you may judge my surprise when I found that the obnoxious will remained in force, and that I—*I!*—had been appointed sole executor."

They all looked at him: he had an earnest, honest face, and he spoke in an earnest tone.

"Then—do we understand that you were not aware of the appointment; that you had not been consulted?" asked Miss Canterbury.

"Most certainly I was not. If I had been, I should have refused to accept it, and yesterday, in the mortification of the moment, I inwardly resolved not to do so: setting other feelings aside, I rebelled at my name being so prominently allied to an act of injustice. But I took the night for deliberation; I strove to see what I ought to do. I reflected that my refusal could not remedy the injustice or alter the conditions of the will; that it could do no good to any one, but might bring trouble and embarrassment on Mrs. Canterbury and her child; therefore I have decided to act, believing it my duty so to do. I could not help coming here to explain this, and to beg of you not to misjudge me."

Miss Canterbury's manner warmed to him insensibly: she was a great reader of character, and she felt sure he was a conscientious, right-minded man.

"I will no longer misjudge you," she exclaimed. "I will regard you as a friend: you look and speak like one."

His eyes lighted up with pleasure.

"But you did not look upon me as one yesterday."

"Not altogether as one. Though I saw your start of amaze when you were mentioned as executor, and it puzzled me, I could not suppose you had been appointed without your own acquiescence."

"I would wish to be a friend to all," he observed, "so far as my poor power lies. Life is not so long, or the grave so far off, that we need spend the one, and prepare for the other, in making enemies and sowing hatred."

"Very true," murmured Miss Canterbury. "And I have lived half the time allotted to man."

Mr. Rufort came in, and the explanations were renewed. He grew equally pleased with this gentleman, and pressed him to spend the remainder of the day with them. Thomas Kage hesitated as he glanced towards the invalid chair.

"I would not wish to intrude," he said.

"If you are thinking of me," cried Mrs. Rufort, bending forward, with her own sweet smile, "I shall be very pleased to have you. I have been so long confined to quiet, and my chamber, that a friend to dine with will be a welcome change. It will make me think I am getting well."

"As you are, Jane," interrupted Mr. Rufort.

"Yes, I trust so; but it is a slow process.—Do stay, Mr. Kage."

"If I may dare to do so without offending Mrs. Canterbury. I hardly know; she is touchy at times."

Olive fully assented to that; she knew it too well.

"I will return now and tell her I am engaged to Mrs. Rufort. Should she reproach me with slighting the Rock, I must plead the fact that, if I am to be executor, I act for Mr. Canterbury's daughters as well as for her."

He left the rectory, Mr. Rufort accompanying him to the gate, where they stood talking. Hovering within sight was Captain Dawkes; and when Mr. Kage was fairly on his way, he joined him.

"Kage, could you do a fellow a service?"

"What is it?"

"Lend me ten pounds. I'm regularly down in the world, and it will be an act of charity. I will repay you the instant I finger the remittance from my old aunt, and it's safe to come."

"I have not so much with me," replied Mr. Kage. "And my journey back to town I must keep for."

Mr. Dawkes bit his lip.

"Couldn't you borrow for that from the rich widow you are stopping with?"

"No, Dawkes, I cannot do that. I will see what I can lend you," he added, taking out his purse. "Five, six—and some silver. I can let you have four pounds, if it will be of any use."

"Make it five, Kage, make it five; you don't know how desperately I require it."

The tone was one of painful entreaty, and Thomas Kage, after a moment's hesitation, put five sovereigns in his hand. Captain Dawkes was unaware that, to do this, entailed his returning to town in a second-class carriage; he would not have been capable of the sacrifice, trifling though it may be deemed.

Twelve months went by, and Thomas Kage was ready to resign his executorship; some law details had thus protracted the settlement. The deed of release was forwarded for Mrs. Canterbury and the other parties to sign, and Mr. Kage also left London for the Rock; there was no legal necessity for his presence there, but he chose to spare the time for the journey. The terminus was two miles distant from the Rock, and upon looking for the omnibus which usually met the train, Mr. Kage ran against Mr. Carlton.

"Don't get into that jolting omnibus," cried the warm-hearted squire, "let me drive you in my pony-gig; there's room for you and your portmanteau, too. I came to look after a parcel of books, and it has not come."

They were soon bowling along the road, Mr. Carlton full of gossip, as he loved to be. In relating some news, he mentioned the name of Captain Dawkes.

"What, is he here—here still?" exclaimed Thomas Kage, in surprise.

"Do you know him?" resumed Mr. Carlton.

"A little."

"He is nothing of a sportsman; the greatest muff in the field you ever saw; he is fonder of in-door sports than out-door ones," continued Mr. Carlton, significantly. "I fancy he is likely to become a relation of yours."

"A relation of mine! In what way?"

"Rumor goes that he will marry Mrs. Canterbury."

"Ridiculous!" involuntarily burst from Thomas Kage.

"I suppose she does not think so. He is a good-looking blade, and is heir to a large fortune; as much as hers, they say."

"Who says it?" quietly asked Mr. Kage.

"Who? I don't know. Everybody; and he says it himself."

"How has he become intimate with Mrs. Canterbury?"

"Through living in the neighborhood. He has been here a long while; ever since Mr. Canterbury's death, it seems to me."

"How and where does he live?" questioned Mr. Kage, who appeared to be absorbed in what he heard.

"First of all, he was at the inn, and then he removed to a little furnished box there was to let, and had his sister down. He took it from month to month at starting, but now he has it by the twelvemonth."

"And is intimate at Mrs. Canterbury's?"

"Uncommonly intimate. Is at the Rock every day of his life. Folks say that Mrs. Kage went up there, and took her daughter to task about it; but Mrs. Canterbury is her own mistress, and will do as she likes."

"I thought Mrs. Kage was living at the Rock. It was agreed that she should, as Caro——as her daughter was so young."

"Ay, there was something of the sort arranged; Mrs. Kage's proposal, I believe; but it did not last long; nobody thought it would, and she went back to her own home. She assumed too much domestic control, and Mrs. Canterbury would not put up with it. Mrs. Canterbury visits a great deal, and is extremely popular in the county."

"In spite of the unjust will."

"She and Mrs. Kage got a deal of blame at the time, but people seem to have forgotten it now."

"Ah," mused Thomas Kage, "time is the great obliterator of human actions, whether they be evil or good."

When they reached the Rock, Mr. Carlton halted, and shouted for the keeper to open the lodge gates. She came running out.

"I will walk up to the house," said Mr. Kage. "I should prefer it, for my legs are cramped. Thank you for bringing me."

He took out his portmanteau, and carried it inside the lodge, observing that he would despatch a servant for it. The woman took it in her hand, to test its weight.

"It's not heavy, sir. My boy can run up with it at once."

"Very well," replied Mr. Kage.

He was close at the house when he heard the sound of voices at a distance, and on looking to the spot, he saw a gentleman playing with a child; now running with him, now tossing him, now carrying him on his shoulder. It was growing dusk, but Thomas Kage had no difficulty in recognizing Mr. Dawkes, and the child was the young heir to the Rock.

Mrs. Canterbury was alone when he entered; she had just come down, attired for dinner. Her weeds were discarded, and she wore a black lace dress, and a shower of ringlets, sunny and luxuriant as in former days. Her emotion at the sight of her visitor was vivid, and he could not fail to observe it.

"Oh, Thomas! this is, indeed, unexpected."

"I wrote you word last week, I should be coming."

"But you did not say when. And I never thought you meant so soon."

"Am I too soon, Caroline?"

"Oh, no, no; my surprise is all gladness. Have you come from London to-day?"

"I will answer as many questions as you like, when I have taken off some of this travelling dust; but I had better do it first, for it must be close upon your dinner-hour."

Mrs. Canterbury caused him to be shown to his room, observing that her mother and a friend would dine with them. They were present when he descended; Mrs. Kage and Mr. Dawkes. Dinner was waiting, and they went in. Mrs. Canterbury took the head of her table, and he, Mr. Kage, the opposite place.

"You have been making a long stay in this neighborhood," observed Mr. Kage to the captain.

"I like it," he replied. "I think I shall settle here."

After dinner the child came in, little Thomas Canterbury. He was too gentle to be a spoilt child, but his mother seemed wrapt in him. Mr. Dawkes appeared equally wrapt; he took the boy on his knee, fed him with sweet things, kissed him and fondled him; and this continued until the ladies retired and took the child with them. As soon as they were gone, Captain Dawkes took out his pocket-book and laid a five-pound note by the side of Mr. Kage.

"Kage, I owe you a thousand apologies for not having repaid you before. When I heard you were likely to come here, I felt delighted at the opportunity to relieve myself from debt."

"You might have sent it," observed Mr. Kage.

"I know I might! I was always going to do so, but negligence is my failing. Thanks for the loan."

"Have things got straight with you?"

"Oh, quite so. My ancient relative relented, and came down like a brick."

It was not altogether a merry evening. Thomas Kage was silent and thoughtful, the ex-captain evidently constrained, and Mrs. Kage shot keen glances from her eyes at both, under cover of the tops of her essence-bottles. Mrs.

Canterbury alone was in an overflow of spirits. By ten o'clock, the two dinner guests had left, and Mrs. Canterbury and her cousin were left alone. She caused the chess-table to be brought forward, and set out the men.

"You will play, Tom, will you not?"

He drew the chair up and commenced the game. In five minutes Mrs. Canterbury had checkmated him. He began to put the pieces up.

"But will you not play again?" she asked.

"Not to-night. My thoughts are elsewhere."

He finished his employment, pushed the table back, and dropped into a musing attitude. Mrs. Canterbury glanced at him, as she played with the trinkets that were hanging from her chain. "Is anything the matter, Thomas? You have been as solemn as a judge all the evening."

"Is it true," he abruptly said, "that you are likely to marry Dawkes?"

"My goodness! what put that in your head?"

"Is it *true*, Caroline?" he more sadly repeated.

"No, it is not. But why can't people keep their mischief-making tongues to themselves?"

He did not put absolute faith in her denial. "It was imprudent, Caroline, to allow a stranger, of whom you know nothing, to become so intimate here."

"Mamma has been setting you on to say this!"

He shook his head. "Let me tell you what I know of Dawkes. He has been a wild, gay man, up to his ears in debt and embarrassment; when he came to this neighborhood it was to be safe from his creditors. Now, Caroline, reflect for one moment—to such a man as this, what a temptation a fortune like yours must hold out!"

"Few men have been exempt from embarrassment at some time or other of their lives," observed Mrs. Canterbury. "Captain Dawkes's having been in debt, ought not to tell against him, now he is free from it."

"How do you know he is free from it?"

"Of course he is. He lives here openly, and seems to have plenty of money."

"He may have paid his debts; he may have plenty of money now; I do not know that it is not so, and you do not know that it is. But—"

"What a shame it is people can't mind their own business!" interrupted Mrs. Canterbury. "They interfere with me in the most unwarrantable manner: they say I visit too much, and they say I left off my ugly widow's cape too soon—I wore them twelve months, and they were spoiling my hair! And now they have been talking to you about Captain Dawkes."

"I was about to observe that the tastes and pursuits of Captain Dawkes—I have seen something of them—are not calculated to bring happiness to a wife, Caroline."

She smiled; a bright, laughing smile. Mr. Kage was vexed; he thought it a derisive one.

"Caroline, I speak for your sake only, your happiness."

"Then you really do care for my happiness?"

"I have never cared for any one's so much in life. You knew it once, Caroline."

Mrs. Canterbury had risen and was standing with her elbow on the mantelpiece, and the red glow of the fire deepened to crimson the blushes on her cheeks. Or had they deepened of themselves? any way, they were rich and beautiful. Thomas Kage thought so as he stood close to her, far too innocent and beautiful to be thrown away on Barnaby Dawkes.

"I *thought* it once," she hesitatingly said, "until—"

"Until when?"

"Until I married. But it was all over then."

"Not so: I am anxious for it still, and wish you would try and let me guide you to it."

"How would you begin?" she merrily said.

"First of all, you should break off the intimacy with Dawkes—How was it brought about?" he interrupted himself to ask.

"It began by his taking a fancy for my boy. He made acquaintance with him and his nurse in their walks, and the child grew so attached to him, nothing was ever like it. How could I help being civil to one who is so fond of my child?"

"Let there be truth between us, Caroline," he interrupted, in a pained tone.

"I am telling you truth: I will tell you all. I care nothing for Captain Dawkes, and I only like him because he loves the boy. But he has grown to like me in a different way," she added, "and last week he asked me to become his wife."

"What was your answer?"

"That I would not: and it was a very decided 'would not,' admitting no hope. But he still comes here. It would kill him to separate from the child, he said: whether he still hopes to make an impression on me, is his look-out: I don't know, and don't care."

"Then you do not love him, Caroline?"

"No; it is not to him that my love is given."

"That tone, Caroline, would almost imply that it is given elsewhere. Is it so?"

The flush of crimson in her face was so great that she turned it from him. He took her hand and held it between his.

"Would you have me go through life alone?" she sadly asked. "Why should I not marry again? Some mothers call girls at my age too young for wives. I am not three-and-twenty."

"My dear, I hope you will marry again: my only anxiety is that you should marry for happiness. What is the matter?"

Mrs. Canterbury had burst into tears.

"It is such a lonely life," she whispered; "it has been so lonely all along. I married—you know about it, that I did not care for him—and I found I had grasped the shadow and lost the substance: I tried to carry it off to others and be gay, but there was the aching void ever in my heart. Since I have been free, it has been the same: no real happiness; nothing but a yearning after what I have not. Sometime hope spring up and pictures a bright future: but it flies away again. I have never," she continued, raising her eyes for a moment, "breathed aught of these, my feelings, to man or woman: I could not to any one but you."

"Caroline, you are indulging a love-dream! Who is its object?"

She was trembling excessively: he could feel that, as he held her hand, which she had not attempted to remove. Alone with him in that quiet evening hour, her heart full of romance and sentiment, Caroline Canterbury may be forgiven if she betrayed herself. Though she had heartlessly rejected Thomas Kage to marry a rich man, she had loved him passionately then, and she loved him passionately still.

"Who is it, Caroline?"

"Do not ask me."

"Who is it, Caroline?"

"*Need* you ask me?"

No, he need not, for in that same moment the scales fell from his own eyes. Her agitated tone, her downcast look, told him what he had certainly not had his thoughts pointed to. He dropped her hand, and went and leaned his own elbow on the mantelpiece, with a flush as rosy as hers.

"Caroline," he whispered, breaking a long silence, "was *this* your dream?"

She was vexed at having betrayed her feelings, and sobbed hysterically.

He waited.

"It cannot be," he continued to whisper, when calmness came to her. "Whether it might have been, whether the old feelings might have been renewed between us, I have never allowed myself to ask. There is an insuperable barrier."

"In my having left you to marry Mr. Canterbury."

"Mr. Canterbury is gone and has left you free. The barrier lies in his unjust will, in your having inherited, and in my being its executor."

"I do not understand you," she faintly said.

"Our former attachment was known to some. Were I to make you my wife now, who but would say it was a work of complicity, planned between us: the money bequeathed to you, and I the executor! Caroline, were you dear to me as formerly, as perhaps you might become again, I would die of heart-break, rather than marry your money, and so sacrifice my good name."

Her face and lips had turned of a stony white, and her heart felt turning to stone within her.

"Answer me one thing," she said; "when you urged me to induce Mr. Canterbury to make a more equitable will, and leave me less, was this your motive?"

"No!" he earnestly answered, "I spoke only from a love of justice—I wished you to be just, I wished you to retain the good opinion of men. From the day of your marriage with Mr. Canterbury, I have never thought of you but as lost to me: and I schooled my heart to bear."

Recollection, remorse, grief were telling upon her. She shook as she stood, and turned to lay hold of something by which to steady herself. He could but walk across the rug to support her. "I suffered then as you are doing now," he whispered.

"Let me make it up to you!" she returned, heeding little what she said in her despair—"let us make it up to each other. You do care for me still—I have riches—I have my love—let me make it up to you."

"It is those riches that make it impossible. Caroline, do not tempt me; it can never be."

"Then you reject me!" she bitterly exclaimed.

"As a wife; I have no other alternative. But, Caroline, we can be dear to each other still—as brother and sister."

"Brother and sister! brother and sister!" she wailed; "that is not a tie to satisfy the void of an aching heart."

"Caroline, my darling sister, you must school your heart," he whispered. "*I* had to do it—I have to do it still. Any warmer feeling, any more sacred tie is impossible between us. Be composed; be *yourself*."

"Yes, I will be myself," she answered, as she turned from him to seek her chamber. "Farewell, Thomas."

"Good-night, Caroline," he replied; "we will meet as usual to-morrow, and forget all this."

He stood at the door, which he had held open for her to pass through, and his own heart ached as he heard the smothered burst of anguish which escaped from hers. It was a painful rejection he had had to give, but in his opinion a necessary one.

And as poor Mrs. Canterbury tossed on her sleepless pillow, she felt that retribution was already overtaking her, and through the whole livelong night she bewailed the possession of the riches that were not justly hers, that had brought this misery and mortification upon her, and divided her for ever from the only one who had indeed made her day-dream.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE OLD LEAVEN.—The "*Scotsman*" tells the following:—"There is a characteristic little anecdote, not generally known, but to be found in a curious book of the last century, called *Douglas's Description of the East Coast of Scotland*. It relates to Barclay of Mathers, the father of the Apologist, who had been a colonel under Gustavus Adolphus, but became Quaker in his old days. The descendant of a fierce race, which in later days produced a Russian field-marshal and an English pugilist, the colonel had strong, hot blood in him. A neighbor, trusting too implicitly to the restraints of the order, was found encroaching on Barclay's marches. He argued about justice and property in vain. The neighbor, determined to support his encroachment by force, and brought a following to the spot. Barclay also went thither with some of his people, and, marching forward with grim serenity, said, 'Friend, I have long since renounced the wrathful principle, and wish not to quarrel with thee; but, if thou persistest, perchance thou mayest arouse the old Adam within me, and I warn thee that he may prove too strong both for me and for thee.' This ominous warning of the colonel's continued liability to the frailties of the flesh was prudently noted and acted on."

☞ MEMORANDUM ON MARKETING.—The freshness of fish may be judged of by the brightness of their eyes. The eye is the window of the sole.

SKETCHES OF A VISIT TO CUBA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HAVANA, Dec. 24, 1858.

Mr. Editor:—

Under the same date, I resume my sketches, trusting to convey a correct idea to your readers of the impressions made upon us on our first visit to Cuba.

The *old* city of Havana is surrounded by a stone wall, with various gates leading into the new part of the town, which is at least a third larger than the old. These gates are always guarded. The wall, including the moat, is about one hundred and fifty feet wide; the ground they cover is considered of sufficient value for a stock company to offer, about ten years ago, to remove the old wall, rebuild it wherever government might decide, and pay two millions of dollars for the ground. But like some others who hold the reins of government, the rulers of Cuba are dilatory in their decisions, and the conclusion is not yet arrived at whether to accept or otherwise.

The streets of the old city are exceedingly narrow, merely allowing two carriages to pass. The width of the sidewalks will scarcely admit of two ladies passing, even though they be *sans* crinoline. Even when two gentlemen meet, one will frequently step into the street, while passing. We Americans could but notice how apt the Spanish gentlemen were to retain the sidewalk, causing the lady to take the street, providing he had the right hand side. The act we would consider unpardonable at home, and the only excuse I can offer for those in Havana who neglect the courtesy of showing ladies the preference, is the rare circumstance of ladies walking.

The houses are generally one story, though there are a few exceptions. The windows are very large, having heavy inside shutters, no window-glass whatever, but made secure by bars of iron placed perpendicularly, about six inches apart. Some few windows are curtained, but in most houses you can gaze upon the occupants to your heart's content. Most of the stores seem to have no fronts, the climate being such that everything is arranged for coolness. All these novelties suddenly burst upon us in our first day's ride in search of lodgings. We could not realize we were so few days travel from "the States," and before we reached *that miserable hotel*, we considered ourselves paid for all the sea-sickness we had endured in reaching the island.

Our first hotel experience was decidedly forlorn. We entered a hollow square, the first floor of which seemed disposed of to tailors, who were busily employed measuring, cutting, &c., &c. We were invited to mount a flight of stone steps, and shown some rooms which opened on to a corridor. Our room looked wonderfully dungeon like, but for the night it was that or nothing. The door looked safe, being a large, double, wooden door, with an iron bar across it—the floor was stone—the beds were "cot." To be sure, to some upright posts were fastened mosquito netting, a very valuable appendage, but there was no mattress, and the "sacking" had to supply all the comfort a sea-tossed frame might need. We were soon aware of a strong, musty smell, and looking for ventilation, found a window up towards the ceiling, about a foot square. Imagine two persons shut up in such a place, and expected to get a night's rest. I felt too timid to have the door left open, and was certain I should see fierce Spaniards with stiletto in hand; but the atmosphere was not to be borne, the door must be opened, and so, after making a strong barricade of trunk, wash-stand, chairs, &c., we again made an effort to sleep, and succeeded. In less than a half hour we heard a tremendous racket, our barricade was giving way; there was a loud jabbering of Spanish outside, and a considerable excitement within. Soon the intruder discovered that we could speak English, so a general explanation took place, by which we discovered the landlord had given us his room, without his permission.

Once again in despair we calmed down to a smothering condition, for the door could not be left open. I had had fright enough for one night, and though my fellow traveller informed me it was all nonsense, still I persisted in being nonsensical, and lay with my body in a perspiring, and lungs in a collapsed condition, until six o'clock, when there came a rapping on the door, to know if we wanted "cafe!" whereupon the doors were thrown open, and we found it was light. Regardless of passers-by, we went on to the corridor, and breathed once again, thoroughly satisfied that we had had an experience of dungeon life.

Immediately after breakfast, the gentlemen procured new accommodations, and paying at the rate of three dollars and a half a day for our first hotel bill, we "retired in disgust." Our ideas of cleanliness were somewhat shocked when entering hotel the second, at finding the first floor devoted to stabling and vehicles; but navigating carefully, we soon learned to pass in and out without much inconvenience. This hotel forms a hollow square similar to the first, a piazza with stone floor surrounds the second story, this is lighted with gas, and is a general sitting and dining-room. Our room, as all the others, opened on to this. The kitchen is at one end. All floors are of stone, the most have a hearth-rug laid by the bed or chairs. The rooms look very comfortless at first, but soon you become accustomed to them. Our room is twenty-five feet square, and finely ventilated.

Yesterday, after dinner, we took a carriage and visited the cemetery. It is a hollow square also, three sides of which are built up with walls some fifteen feet high; in the centre of one wall a chapel is built. In these walls are rows of tombs; each tomb is only large enough to hold one coffin. After it is filled, it is walled up, and looks precisely like the door of an old fashioned oven. The enclosure contains about six acres, where single graves are dug with the privilege of the body remaining three years; at the expiration of that time, it is dug up, and all that remains is thrown in a heap back of the chapel. Once every year, these are burnt up. We saw a perfect mountain of bones, &c., waiting for the annual fire. To own a tomb, you must pay "twenty ounces" (two hundred dollars), then you have possession forever; but tombs are luxuries that comparatively few can reach.

While there we saw the funeral of a *Senora*, attended only by gentlemen, who were clad in black dress-coats and hats, with white vests and pants. These remained outside the gate, except, of course, the pall-bearers, and four others, one of whom was the husband, another a son. The lid of the coffin was not fastened on; the dress, which was of black silk, hung over the sides. It seemed to be her usual dress, the sleeves were made quite short. The coffin was borne on the shoulders of the pall-bearers, who walked very hurriedly till, passing under an archway, they halted five minutes, while prayers were said by two priests. Again they hurried on, faster than I could follow by walking. When they reached the grave, two or three darkeys, half clad, clustered around; then as best they could, and with less feeling than I should credit the hardest with showing, the pillow and bedding were taken from under the corpse, and, with a shudder I write it—they absolutely got with their knees on the coffin lid, to force it in its place, and drove large nails into it.

The grave was only a few feet deep. After gathering up the articles taken from the coffin, the "bearers" came running away, one against the other, as rowdy as possible. It is but justice to say these men are hired—friends not officiating as with us. Also, this was not the first class of inhabitants; neither were they the lowest class. The husband and son were quiet and dignified. Sometimes those who are placed in tombs are without any coffin; in that case, friends remain until they are walled up. Females never attend a funeral. Such utter heartlessness and indifference I hope never to see again.

To-night, Christmas eve, we go to high mass. Can it be possible that with you the cold winds are blowing, while here a soft, balmy air floats over me, and wherever my eye rests there are green leaves, and bright flowers blooming? I send a cordial Christmas-greeting to one and all. Adieu. A.

CONGRESSIONAL.

SENATE.—On the 25th, considerable discussion took place as to "who had let the cat out of the bag," relative to what took place at a previous Executive Session, where Messrs. Douglas and Fitch had some high words—since, all smoothed over, in the most approved Washington fashion, which, in this respect, we consider a *wise* one. During the discussion, Mr. Green, of Missouri, announced the discovery of a small room within ear-shot, which, on being searched, contained two black cats. This incident naturally created much humor and surprise.

The mystery of these two black cats was afterwards discovered to be as follows:—As the galleries of the Senate rest on trussels, and a trap door is left at each of the four corners of the chamber, for the workmen to go below, two stray cats got underneath, where they subsisted for three or four weeks on the crumbs that fell from the public table. When rescued they bore evidence, in their insane demeanor, of the secrets they had overheard in Executive Session. These cats however did not betray confidence—cats never do. It took some Senatorial biped to do that.

The Pacific Railroad Bill was killed this week—the *coup de grace* being given on the 28th, by a vote of 38 ayes to 20 nays. Mr. Gwinn, of Cal., waxed very wroth on the occasion. The following is the bill as adopted:—That advertisements be inserted in two papers of each State and of the District of Columbia, inviting estimates for three routes, and the sum of $3,000 be appropriated to pay expenses. This is emphatically "coming out at the little end of the horn."

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.—Among the doings of the week, the Post-Office Committee reported against granting the franking privilege to the Mount Vernon Association, and also against the proposed abolition of the Post-Office Department. A lot of steamship lines, adroitly planned to plunder Uncle Sam, no doubt, were killed. The Consular and Diplomatic Appropriation Bill was taken up, and the House refused to concur in an amendment made in Committee of the Whole, cutting off certain missions. Mr. Crawford's amendment proposing to reduce the sum to enable the President to carry into effect the act of March, 1819, for the suppression of the slave trade, and other subsequent acts, from $75,000 to $45,000, the object being to withhold the amount necessary to comply with the contract with the Colonization Society for the education and support of the Africans recaptured on board the slaver Echo, was rejected, the vote standing yeas 48, nays 145. The question was then taken on the motion to strike out this entire clause, and resulted in the negative—yeas 28, nays 163. The bill was then rejected yeas 88, nays 99. A discussion ensued on the bill, after which it was reconsidered, and again lost. The bill was lost because many members thought the appropriations for foreign missions too heavy, and others were opposed to the anti-slave-trade and colonizing appropriation. The next day, however, the above decision was reconsidered, and the bill adopted by 101 yeas to 98 nays.

Mr. Grow, of Pennsylvania, gave notice that when the Arizona Bill shall be called up, he would offer an amendment, which was read, setting forth that whereas the territory acquired from Mexico, of which Arizona is a part, was, at the time of purchase, free, by law, from African slavery, and no such slavery has been since established therein; therefore, that nothing contained in this Act shall be held or taken to authorise African slavery in said Territory, as acquired from Mexico.

CHESS HEROES.—In his *resume* of Chess for 1858, Herr Lowenthall, has the following passage:—

"In India, Mr. Green still keeps chess alive, and if we may rely upon his judgment, there is an Eastern as well as a Western prodigy. He has been playing a series of games with a Brahmin, named Rhumchunder Kurranchicer, who, Mr. Green thinks, could give odds to any living player. We can hardly expect the Brahmin to visit the West, or Mr. Morphy to journey to the East, but if the latter conquers all the Occidentals who venture to oppose him, one thing remains to be desired, and that is to see the East and West pitted against each other."

Andersson, in bearing generous testimony to Morphy's powers, says he is too strong for any living player to hope to win more than a game here and there. He never makes a mistake, but as soon as his adversary commits the slightest blunder, his game is gone. If a player makes a move "approximativement" correct, but not "exactment" the right move, Morphy is dead certain to win. Andersson has also given his opinion that Morphy would have beaten all the three great triumvirate—Philidor, La Bourdonnais and McDonnel.

☞ PROOF OF A HELPLESS OLD BACHELOR.—"I always know a helpless old bachelor (says a clever lady) by looking at the corners of his pocket-handkerchief. If I notice in them any little pieces of red, blue, or yellow worsted—such as washerwomen run in to identify the property of each separate customer,—I know at once that he has no one at home to mark his linen, and that he must be a poor, pitiful, misanthropical, friendless, helpless, old bachelor."

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Arabia brings Liverpool advices to the 15th, one week later.

The London Times, in an editorial upon the Monroe doctrine, points out what it calls the extraordinary liberties taken by America with that document, and says: "It is rather too much to say that with half of North America in our lawful possession, we must abstain from meddling in North American affairs, and it is a still stranger measure to found such a doctrine on the simple principles of political fraternity propounded by Monroe."

The Dublin correspondent of the London Times says that the Crown case against some of the members of the Phœnix Club is very complete, and sufficient to satisfy the most hostile jury. The farming classes have stood aloof, and the members of the club are chiefly shopmen and mechanics. The clubs were rapidly increasing, and it therefore was necessary that some steps should be taken to put an end to the movement.

The Paris *Constitutionnel* has an article admitting that there are serious difficulties between France and Austria, concerning the Danube and Servia, but says that war is only possible in the event of a rupture of existing treaties.

The impression seemed to prevail that the marriage of Prince Napoleon, to the daughter of the King of Sardinia, would secure the support of France to Victor Emanuel in becoming King of Italy.

The rumors of disaffection in Italy are unabated. Many persons are leaving Milan every day. The police have had to efface from the walls such inscriptions as "Death to the Germans!" The troops were greatly excited, and strict discipline was necessary to prevent excesses.

The advance guard of the Austrian reinforcements had reached Milan. Additional guns had been mounted on the citadel directed against the city of Milan.

A letter of the 18th inst. says that the chances of revolt were diminishing daily.

It is thought that Prince Napoleon's presence in Italy would lead to unmistakable demonstrations.

AUSTRIA.—The people are represented as well pleased with the spirit displayed by the Emperor in regard to France and Sardinia. Twenty-seven thousand men were on their way to Italy.

The King of Naples had granted an amnesty to sixty-one political prisoners including Poerio, Zetelbraind, &c. Other concessions were expected to follow.

THE MARKETS.—Cotton has declined from 1-16d to 1-8d, owing to the political disquietude on the Continent, and the heavy receipts at the American ports.

Flour and Wheat are dull—Pork and Lard firm—Sugar dull—Coffee and Rice firm.

In the London market, Breadstuffs were steady.

☞ "LETTERED RAGE."—The ease with which the postage-stamps fall off the letters for the want of a little gum.—*Punch.*

☞ Whoever is open, loyal, true; of humane and affable demeanor; honorable himself, and in his judgment of others; faithful to his word as to law, and faithful alike to God and man—such a man is a true gentleman.

☞ A tall fellow persisted in standing during the performances, much to the annoyance of an audience, and was repeatedly requested to sit down, but would not; when a voice from the upper gallery called out: "Let him alone, he's a tailor, and he's *resting himself!*" He immediately squatted.

☞ Sir Richard Blackmore, the author of "The Creation" and what not forgotten poems, has a deservedly bad reputation for his dull, misshapen verses, which were said to have been written to the rumbling of his physician's chariot. Yet a diligent investigator has discovered what he considers four good lines in the inert mass. They are these:

Exhausted travellers, that have undergone
The scorching heats of Life's intemperate zone,
Haste for refreshment to their beds beneath,
And stretch themselves in the cool shade of death.

☞ Every other quality is subordinate and inferior to wisdom, in the same sense as the mason who lays the bricks and stones in a building is inferior to the architect who drew the plan and superintends the work. The former executes only what the latter contrives and directs.—*Robert Hall.*

☞ Jenkins, Esq., being asked if he liked sausages, remarked that he had never eaten any—they were to him a *terrier incognita.*

TALENT convinces—genius but excites;
This tasks the reason, that the soul delights.
Talent from sober judgment takes its birth,
And reconciles the pinion to the earth;
Genius unsettles with desires the mind,
Contented not till earth be left behind;
Talent, the sunshine on a cultured soil,
Ripens the fruit by slow degrees for toil.
—*Bulwer Lytton.*

☞ A Frenchman, soliciting relief, said very gravely to his fair hearer: "Ma'mselle, I never beg, but dat I have von wife wid several small family, dat is growing very large, and nossing to make deir bread out of, but de perspiration on my prow."

☞ UNEDUCATED WOMEN.—One of the most agreeable consequences of knowledge is the respect and importance which it communicates to old age. Men rise in character often as they increase in years; they are venerable for what they have acquired, and pleasing for what they can impart. If they outlive their faculties, the mere frame itself is respected for what it once contained; but with uneducated women, when youth is gone all is gone. No human creature gives its admiration for nothing—either its eye must be charmed or its understanding gratified.

A NOVEL ESTRANGEMENT.—An English girl, of good fortune, who has long lived in Paris, was about to be married to a young French advocate of great renown and immense popularity. The young man being rather nervous about the *qu'en dira ton*, imposed, however, as a condition, that the mother of the bride elect, an English woman, should bind herself to the adoption of one single color in her dress, leaving the same to her own choice, scarlet and yellow excepted. The lady, however, being of independent character, and addicted to all the colors, has peremptorily refused the terms proposed, and the marriage is broken off in consequence.—The gaily-attired matron has left Paris for Heidelberg, where she intends to reside for the future.

DEATH AND LIFE.—Within a few days, a lady residing near Perkiomen Bridge, Montgomery county, Pa., lost two children by the measles. But on the evening of the funeral the lady bore twins! This is almost as singular as the following case in which a lady died the same day she was married:

MARRIED.—In Pratteville, N. Y., on the 10th inst., by P. K. Salisbury, Esq., John Bivens, of Middletown, Delaware county, N. Y., to Miss M. A. Turk, of Prattsville, Green Co., N. Y.

DIED.—In Prattsville, on the 10th inst., of asthma and hemorrhage of the lungs, Mrs. M. A. Bivens, wife of John Bivens, in the 29th year of her age.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—There has been less activity in the Flour market during the past week, but with continued light supplies, and a steady home consumptive demand the recent advance has been well maintained. The sales for shipment comprise 8000 bbls at $6,75 ℔ bbl for superfine; $6,87½@7 for extra, and $6,25@6,50 for extra family, including 500 bbls middlings at $5,75 ℔ bbl; 500 half bbls at $3,87½ ℔ pair, and 500 bbls Western extra, a choice article, at a price not made public. The sales to the retailers and bakers have been within the range of these quotations. Rye Flour is in demand at an advance of 12½ cents ℔ bbl; 800 bbls sold at $4. Of Corn Meal the market is nearly bare. Pennsylvania is wanted at $3,50, and Brandywine at $4 ℔ bbl.

GRAIN—The market is very poorly supplied with Wheat, and in some instances holders have been enabled to realise a further advance of 1@2c ℔ bus. The stock in store is liberal, but little or none of it is offered at present quotations. Sales of 15,000 bus in lots at $1,30@1,37 for common and prime red, and $1,45@1,55 for white, according to quality. Rye was in demand early in the week, but at the close there was less inquiry, and prices fell off 2@3c ℔ bus. Sales of Penna at 87@88c—closing dull at the latter rate. Corn has declined 3@4c ℔ bus. Sales of 16,000 bus yellow at 79@80c early in the week, and since at 76@78c, closing at 77c. Oats are in better demand, and 15,000 bus Penna sold at 47@48c—chiefly at the latter rate, and some Delaware at 46c.

PROVISIONS—There has been a more buoyant feeling in the market, with a general upward tendency in prices. Sales of 500 bbls Western Mess Pork at $18,50. City packed Mess Beef sells for ship's stores at $16@16,50, cash. A sale of Beef Hams at $17,50. Bacon is looking up, and of Sides and Shoulders the market is nearly bare. Sales of Hams at 10@12c for plain and fancy canvassed, and 350 casks Sides at 9¼@10c, closing firm at 10c, and Shoulders at 7¼@8c. Dry salted Meats meet an active inquiry, and prices are advancing, as the receipts and stocks are extremely light. Sales of 500 casks Hams in salt and pickle at 9¼@10¼c, Sides at 8¼@9c, and Shoulders at 6½@7½c, 60 days—closing at our highest quotations. Lard—There is but little offering, and very little coming forward; sales of bbls at 12½, and kegs at 13@13½c ℔ lb, short time—closing firm at our highest figures. Butter is steady, and for Roll there is a fair inquiry at 17@20c for Penna and Ohio. Goshen ranges from 22 to 25c. Solid packed is very dull at 10@12c. About 100 kegs superior quality sold at 13@14c.

COTTON—The market has been very quiet, but with moderate receipts and stocks, prices are steadily maintained. Sales of 1180 bales Uplands at 12½ up to 13c ℔ lb, cash, for low middling and middling fair quality, including middling fair Mobile at 13½c, and samples at 12c.

BARK—The receipts of Quercitron Bark have been trifling, and No 1 is wanted at $30 ℔ ton.—In Tanners' Bark there has been nothing doing.

COAL—There has been very little demand for shipment, and the receipts from all sources have been quite moderate for the season. The demand for home consumption has been fair within the range of our former quotations.

COFFEE—There has been a good demand and prices have advanced ½c ℔ lb. At the close the stock in first hands was nearly exhausted. The demand continued quite good. Sales of 4200 bags Rio at 11½@11¾c; 100 bags Laguayra at 12c, and 400 bags Cape at 10½@10¾c, on time.

FEATHERS are but little inquired after. Sales of 500 lbs good Western at 44½c ℔ lb on time.

FRUIT—Domestic Fruit generally is steady.—Dried Apples are worth 9½@9¾c.

HEMP—There is no stock in first hands, and no sales have transpired.

HIDES are in demand. An import of Caracoas and Puerto Cabello has arrived, which were previously disposed of, supposed at 21½@22c, 6 mos.

HOPS are firmer. Sales of new Eastern and Western at 17@20c ℔ lb.

IRON—There is a good feeling in the Pig Iron market, and considerable inquiry for Spring delivery, but holders generally are indifferent about realizing at the present current rates. Among the sales for immediate delivery we notice 100 tons No 2 Anthracite at $22, cash; 100 tons do at $23, 6 mos, and 100 tons mottled and white at $22, 6 mos.

LEAD—The stock of Pig Lead is small and prices firm. A sale of 1200 pigs Galena at 6c ℔ lb, cash.

LEATHER—Prime quality is in demand, and prices are tending upwards, but for inferior descriptions there is no inquiry.

LUMBER—The market has been at a stand. Yellow Pine Boards are very dull at $13@15 ℔ M feet, and Spruce Joist at $12.50@13. A sale of White Oak barrel Staves at $50 ℔ M.

MOLASSES—There has been a good demand for New Orleans, with further sales of 600 hhds at 42@43c, on time, and 1000 bbls to arrive, on private terms. In foreign the market is nearly bare. A small lot of Cuba sold at 25c, on time.

SEEDS—Flaxseed is very scarce, and much wanted at $1,70@1,75 ℔ bushel, the latter being a further advance. Timothy ranges from $2 to $2½, according to quality. Cloverseed continues to meet an active inquiry. Sales of 2000 bushels fair and prime quality at $6,50@6,75 ℔ 64 lbs, including a lot of common at $6,37½. 225 sacks recleaned from second hands, sold on terms not made public, and 20 tons at $6,75.

SUGAR—The demand has been good, and prices have rather an upward tendency, with very limited receipts and very small stocks in first hands: sales of 600 hhds New Orleans at 7@7¾c, and 160 casks Porto Rico at $7,50, on time.

SPIRITS—There has been a steady inquiry for Brandy and Gin at former rates. N E Rum sells at 36@38c. Whiskey is steady, but the demand has somewhat fallen off. Sales of Ohio bbls at 28c; Pennsylvania do at 27c; hhds at 26c and drudge at 25c.

WOOL meets a steady inquiry, both for the supply of local and Eastern manufacturers, and prices are quite firm. Among the sales we notice 150,000 lbs fine at 60@62½c ℔ lb, cash; full blood at 55@56½c, and unwashed at 32½@35c.

PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKETS.

CORRECTED WEEKLY.

JONES' SALOONS, 727 and 729 Arch Street.

MEATS.

Beef.		Mutton.	
Roasting rib, ℔	14	Leg, Loin, Chop, ℔	10 a10
Sirloin steak	16	Breast and Neck	6 a 8
Rump	12 a14	Young Lamb, whole	$3 a$4
Chuck pieces	8 a11	Whole carcase	5 a 9
Plates and navels corned	8 a10	Veal.	
Tongues, smoked	62 a75	Fore quarter, ℔	8
Tongue, each	31¼a37½	Hind "	10
Shin	20 a25	Chop	12½
Kidney	8 a10	Cutlet	12½
Liver, ℔	5 a 8	Sweetbread, each	10
Dried Beef, ℔	14 a16	Pork	
Lamb.		Young Pigs	1.75
Fore quarter	50	Salt and fresh, ℔	10 a12
Hind "	75	Feet, ℔ set	18¾a25
Chop, ℔	18 a12	Trips, ℔	4 a 5
Calves head, each	25 a37	Lard, "	10 a13
		Hams, sliced	14 a15
		Sausage meat ℔ roll	10 a20

VEGETABLES.

Onions ℔ rope	12	Carrots, dozen	10
Bermuda potatoes, ℔ basket	1,25	Do do, ℔ lb	4 a 5
Sweet potatoes ℔ bus	75a87½	Com pot's, ℔ bus	75a1,00
Cabbages, ℔ head	3 a6	Onions, bus	50
		Turnips ℔ bush	37

FRUIT.

Apples, ℔ bbl	$1,12 a1,37½	Apples ℔ hf pk	25 a31

POULTRY AND GAME.

Chickens, ℔ pair	38 a 81	Turkeys ℔ lb	18
		Geese ℔ lb, &c.	

SHELLFISH.

Oysters (Absecom) ℔ 1&1	50 a75	Morris River Coves, ℔ 1&1	10,00 a12,00
Do, ℔ M	18,00a20,00	N Y do, ℔ bbl	10,00 13,00
		Terrapins $10a14.	

MISCELLANEOUS.

Butter, lb	33 a40	Roe Fish, lb	12
Roll "	22 a30	Eels "	12
Eggs, doz	22 a29	Mackerel	10
Codfish	7 a 8	Smoked Herring, bunch	6
Dry Cod	a 6	Sausage meat ℔ roll	12½
Halibut lb	12½		

LEARNED LADIES.—Mr. Murphy used to relate the following story, the heroines of which were the Ladies Cheere, Fielding and Hill, the last the wife of the celebrated Dr. Hill. He represented them as playing at "I love my love with a letter." Lady Cheere began and said, "I love my love with an N because he is a Night;" Lady Fielding followed with "I love my love with a G because he is a Gustus (Justice);" and "I love my love with an F," said Lady Hill, "because he is a Fitishun."

NEWS ITEMS

A Very Sad Story.—An English paper relates the death of a father from grief. It says: "His boy, aged eight years, was accused on a charge of stealing a sovereign. Bail was refused, and the lad was sent to prison. The father, on parting with his child, took the matter so deeply to heart, that he went home and never again looked up. A deep-seated melancholy took possession of him; he was obliged to give up work, and on the day his little boy was tried, the father breathed his last. The surgeon that attended him, says that he died of a broken heart. The boy was discharged."

Unhappy Matches.—A year and a-half ago, four young ladies in Cincinnati were married at the same hour. Two have since separated from their husbands, and the other two are trying to get separated.

Col. Benton's furniture at Washington is to be sold at auction. His property is estimated to be insufficient to pay his debts.

Suffering in Michigan.—The people of Gratiot county, Michigan, are represented as being in a very destitute condition, and an appeal has been made to the Legislature for aid.—There are about one thousand families in the county, and of these not more than one quarter, it is believed, have the means of subsistence until the next harvest. An almost total failure of the crops is assigned as the cause of the existing want.

Poor Mexico has now five Presidents, or at least five men backed by military power, each of whom thinks he alone can rescue her from the gulf of ruin to which she is hastening.

Dumb Motions.—In Italy, a lover at a ball places two fingers on his mouth, which signifies to a lady, "you are very handsome, and I wish to speak to you." If she touches her cheek with her fan, and lets it gently drop, that signifies, "I consent;" but if she turns her head, that is a denial. At a ball in Paris, to take a lady out to dance with her, is only *indifference*; to place yourself near her, is *interest*; but to follow her with your eyes in the dance, is *love*.

There is a rumor that Miss Lane, Mr. Buchanan's niece, is shortly to be married to Mr. Magraw, of Baltimore, brother of the State Treasurer of Pennsylvania.

The Army Well Represented.—At the late Democratic Convention at Frankfort, Ky., there were 572 delegates, who consisted of 2 ex-Governors, 14 Generals, 493 Colonels, 97 Majors, 35 Captains, 13 Squires. The candidates were *all* Colonels, and one-half consisted of "Old Line Whigs."

Modern Improvements.—Two centuries ago, not one person in 100 wore stockings. Fifty years ago, not one boy in 1,000 was allowed to run at large at nights. Fifty years ago not one girl in 1,000 made a waiting woman of her mother!

The English thorough-bred stallion "Flying Dutchman" has been sold to the French Government for $21,000.

At a caucus of Democratic Senators held in Washington on the 29th, a resolution declaring it inexpedient to change the Tariff at the present session, was adopted by a large majority.

The Late Elopement.—The Detroit Press has an account of the manner in which Miss Judson, who eloped with the negro, spent the time among her new friends. It says:

"The style of living which the young woman was introduced to on the first day of the honey-moon is worth noticing. Her sable lover, in pursuance of an intention to set up housekeeping, bought some dishes and old furniture, and the two moved into a board shanty in the back part of Windsor. This was in the negro quarter, which, it is needless to say, comprises several quarters of the whole town, and was surrounded by about fifty more negro shanties. The occupants of these, quite taken by surprise, turned out *en masse*, and the bridal calls of the young wife consisted of an indiscriminate rush of darkies of all ages, sexes, colors and varieties. The only room she had was filled with these odorous visitors, from morning till night, who gazed at her with open mouths, while little ebonies climbed on the roof, peeped in the windows, and stole her corn bread.

"It is estimated, by competent Windsor authorities, that she received a thousand calls the first day. How she got through with her receptions is unknown; but considering the fact that she had been brought up in decency, it is natural to suppose that her stomach must have rebelled occasionally, notwithstanding the inculcations of her father, who believed them good enough for her until they actually got her. The story which the parent circulated, to the effect that she was insane, and that he should put her in an asylum, is all bosh. No insane asylum will admit her, as she has given not the slightest sign of insanity."

Lord John Russell and Little Polly.—Mr. Brown, M. P., in presiding at a concert on Saturday evening, given in connexion with a Working Men's Association in Lancashire, told a story of a little girl ten years of age, who called at his house during the social science week, when Lord Brougham, Lord John Russell, and other distinguished personages were his guests. "Polly," for that was the girl's name, asked to see Lord John Russell; and when she was shown into the room to his lordship, in a modest but frank and winning manner, she told how she had a taste for music, and that she wished to be educated, but that her parents were poor, and could not afford to give her that kind of training which would best develope her musical talent. Lord John was pleased with the child, pleased with the beauty of her singing—for she sang several songs before the great people—and ultimately Lady Russell declared that she would most willingly contribute towards the expense, if Mr. Brown would see that "Polly" was suitably educated. The result was, that she was now at Blackburne House, receiving as good an education as any gentleman's daughter in the land; and they were glad to receive her there without fee or reward. The music-master reported most favorably of her great aptitude for music; and, from the formation of her vocal organs, she bade fair to be a famous songstress—a *prima donna*, perhaps, who, by her beauty (for she was beautiful, too,) and her song, would some day win a diadem.

The Lost Women of New York.—A New York correspondent of the Christian Intelligencer thus notices the book by Dr. Sanger, entitled The History of Prostitution:—

"As 'houses of pleasure' in New York—for this is the modern name for what Solomon called the 'doors of hell'—are largely recruited from country towns and farm houses, it ought to be known by every wretched girl who meditates a life in the brothel, that the average duration of the abandoned woman's life in New York is *just four years*. It requires only that brief space of wild revelry, champaigning and carousing—of drink, degradation and disease—to reduce a beautiful girl of 18 into a loathsome corpse, flung out to the corruption of a 'Potter's Field.' It ought to be known, too, that the most of these wretched women are badly educated—there are a few exceptions—but, Dr. Sanger tells us that 'education is at a low standard among them.'"

New Kind of Cider.—At the late meeting of the United States Agricultural Society, held at Washington, D. C., Mr. A. Jenks, a Virginia farmer, produced a number of bottles of good cider, made from the juice of the sorgho, or Chinese sugar-cane. Mr. Jenks's process is very simple. He treats the juice to bring the feculent matter to the top, whence he removes it by skimming. He then barrels or bottles the liquor and lets it stand. In about eight days it has become cider, and when fermentation has advanced to the right stage, he bottles it, and preserves it as champagne.

Death of Mr. Prescott, the Historian.—William Hickling Prescott, the distinguished author of "The Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella," died in Boston, on the 28th ult., of paralysis.

Mr. Prescott was born in Salem, Massachusetts, on the 4th of May, 1796, and was consequently in the 65th year of his age. His father was William Prescott, an eminent Boston jurist, and his grandfather was Col. William Prescott, who fought at Bunker Hill. The mother of the historian was a daughter of Thomas Hickling, who, for nearly half a century, held Washington's commission as U. S. Consul at St. Michael's. While the young author was still a boy, his parents removed to Boston, and he was educated there and at Cambridge, graduating at Harvard, with high honors, in 1814. Just previous to this an accident nearly destroyed one of his eyes, and the other suffered sympathetically. He was sent abroad, for the sake of travel, rest to his eyes and surgical advice. He never recovered the full use of his eyes, and was for a time wholly blind. But amid all his disabilities of vision, he studied faithfully and stored his mind with the facts that laid the foundation for his future works. His attention was chiefly directed towards Spanish subjects, and the first work he undertook was a history of *The Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella*. To this he devoted ten years of ardent labor and study, and it was published in 1838. It was at once recognized as a first-class history, in Europe as well as America; it was translated into Spanish, French, Italian and German, and is a recognized classical history. In 1843 he published his *Conquest of Mexico*, in 1847, his *Conquest of Peru*, and since then he has been engaged on his *History of Philip II.*, thus supplying an important omission in Dr. Robertson's historical labors on Spanish subjects. Two volumes of this work were published in 1857, the third in 1858, and we have not heard whether he had completed his labor upon the concluding volume of the history when he died. If we are not mistaken, he had a slight paralytic attack a year or two ago, and though his health has recently been good, the second and fatal attack could not have been unlooked for. Prescott's four great histories are an enduring monument of his fame.

California and South American News.—The U. S. mail steamship Illinois, from Aspinwall, with California advices to the 5th ult., arrived at New York on the 28th. She brings 200 passengers and $1,200,000 in treasure.

The lady school teachers laid a very unique petition before the San Francisco Board of Education at the last meeting of that body, remonstrating against any further reduction of their salaries, on the ground that board in that city costs $50 per month, while in New York $15 is considered almost extravagant, and that all the other expenses of living were proportionably higher.

There were three feet of snow at Walla Walla, and the cattle were in danger of death by starvation and cold.

According to the accounts, San Francisco is in a very flourishing condition. Not long since, the reports were exactly the reverse.

The Belly contract has been confirmed by the Congress of Costa Rica.

A revolution has broken out in Chili.

Paraguay is making warlike preparations to repel the United States forces. Two of the United States vessels had reached the waters of Urugnay, and others were reported in Rio Janeiro.

It is reported that Buenos Ayres has entered into a secret treaty with the United States, among the principal clauses of which is the following:—Buenos Ayres is to serve the United States as a depot in case of war with Paraguay; she will allow the troops of the United States a free transit, both by land and water; and she will lend her ally every aid in her power to conquer Paraguay.

A Brazilian fleet was about being dispatched from Rio Janeiro to the waters of Parana, to observe the movements of the United States fleet.

There had been a great riot in Lima and Callao, Peru, owing to the arrival of a number of ready-made houses from the United States, which had been introduced by the Railroad Company for laying out a town at Chorilas. The Government agreed that no more houses should be landed, and that duties should be placed on all articles that came into competition with those made in Peru.

☞ We can sometimes love what we cannot understand, but it is impossible completely to understand what we do not love.—*Mrs. Jameson.*

☞ He dies like a beast who has done no good while he lived.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1400 head, and prices about the same as last week. The following lots were sold at Wardell's Avenue Drove Yard:—16 head, J Dasher, Pa, 8@9½; 23 Cochran, Ohio, 8@9¾; 17 S Murphy & Co. Va, 8@9½; 25 J Irwin, Pa, 8@10; 49 Baldwin & Co, Chester co, 8½@10; 7 J Hamaker, do, 8@9; 8 Carson, do, 9@10; 6 McClees, do, 9@10; 81 A Redebaugh, do, 8@10½; 11 Eckman, Del, 8@10½. Sheep—5000 at market, selling at $2@4, being equal to 8@9¾ ℔ dressed. Cows the same as last week.

The following sales of Beef Cattle were made at the Bull's Head Drove Yard:—10 E Eby, Chester co, 8¾@10; 8 Z Williams, 8½@10; 36 Hopkins, Md, 8½@9½; 63 Stewart & McClung, Va, 8½@10; 67 Seldomridge & Co, do, 8½@10; 30 Kimble & Kirk, Chester, 9½@10; 24 B Hood, do, 8@9½; 26 Scott & Kimble, do, 9½@10½; 10 Husband, do, 8½@10; 8 J Miller, do, 10; 12 S Rhodes, Berks, 9@9½; 19 Woolery, Md, 8@10; 9 J Seiner, Lancaster, 8½@9½; 2 Aker, 9@9½; 4 W Alexander, Chester, 8@10; 14 E & J Chandler, do, 8@10; 2 J Meash, do, 8@10; 11 P Hathaway, do, 8@10.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

Jan. 29.—BREADSTUFFS—Flour has declined; sales of 9000 bbls at $5.25@5.50 for State, $6.30@6.50 for Ohio, and $4.75@6.00 for Southern. Wheat dull—10,000 bush sold; Western white 148@150c. Corn dull. Pork depressed; sales of new and old Mess at $17.62@18.50, Prime, $12.62. Lard firm at 11@11¾c. Whiskey dull at 26c.

BANK NOTE LIST.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, January 29, 1859.

Pennsylvania.	**Georgia.**
Solvent bks par to ¼ dis	Solvent banks ¼ dis
Relief notes ¼ dis	**South Carolina.**
New Jersey.	Solv bks ½ dis
Solv bks par to ¼ dis	**Alabama.**
Delaware.	Solv bks 1 to 3 dis
Solv bks par to ¼ dis	**Mississippi.**
Maryland.	All bks uncertain
Baltimore ¼ dis	**Louisiana.**
Solv bks ¼ to ½ dis	Solv bks ¼ dis
New York.	**Ohio.**
Solv bks par to ¼ dis	Solv bks ¼ dis
Maine.	**Kentucky.**
Solv bks ¼ dis	Solv bks ¼ dis
New Hampshire.	**Indiana.**
Solv bks ¼ dis	State bank ¼ dis
Vermont.	**Illinois.**
Solv bks ¼ dis	Solv bks 1½ dis
Connecticut.	**Missouri.**
Solv bks ¼ dis	Solv bks ½ dis
Massachusetts.	**Tennessee.**
Solv bks ¼ dis	Old banks 2 dis
Rhode Island.	**Michigan.**
Solv bks ¼ dis	Solv bks 1½ dis
Virginia.	**Wisconsin.**
Solv bks ¼ to ½ dis	Solv bks 1½ dis
Dist. of Columbia.	**Texas.**
Solv bks ¼ dis	Commercial and Agricultural bank
North Carolina.	Galveston 10 dis
Solv bks ½ to 1 dis	**Canada.**
	Solv bks 1 dis

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct, 1856	105	—
" " '62	105	—
" " '67	113¾	—
" " '68	113¾	—
" 6 " coupon '74	104	—
Phila 6 pr ct, old	99½	—
" " new	103	—
" 5 "	94	—
Penn 6 pr ct	70	71
" 6 coupon	—	66
Allegh City 6 pr ct	—	—
" County "	—	—
R R issue	46	51½
Penn 6 pr ct	83½	83½
" 5 " coupon	—	80
" 5 "	80½	—
Tenn 6 pr ct	94½	—
" 6 " coupon	86	91
Kentucky 6 pr ct	102	—
Missouri 6 "	89½	—
Ohio " 1886	106½	—
N Carolina 6 pr ct	98½	99½
Virginia 6 "	97½	—
Indiana State 5 pr ct	92	—
Ca., State 7 pr ct	—	—
new bonds	91½	92
N Y City 1872-5	114	116
BANK STOCKS, &c.		
PHILADELPHIA.		
North America	130	—
Philada phia	115	119
Far & Mec	—	52
Commercial	51½	—
N Liberty	60	61
Mechanics	22	23½
Southwark	93	—
P Township	—	37½
Kensington	06½	—
Girard	—	13½
Western	—	98
Man & Mech	—	27
Commerce	85	—
Tradesman's	100	—
City	85	—
Consolidation	26	26½
Commonwealth	22½	25
Corn Exchange	24	—
Germantown	76	—
Pittsburg, Pittsb'g	57	—
Exchange "	57	—
Kentucky Ky.	112	—
Northern "	120	—
Louisville "	105	109
Farmers "	130½	—
Canton, Nash, Tenn	99	—
Planters "	104	105
N O Gas Light	108	—
Com & R R Bank	—	—
Vicksburg "	7	71
Washington Gas	—	—
Light Co	22½	23
Lehigh Zinc	1	1½
New Creek	1	—
New Granada	3	—
N America Ins'nce	—	13½
N Liberties Gas	28½	30
Southwark & Frankford RR	57	—
Bonds	—	96

	Bid.	Asked.
RAILROAD STOCKS & LOANS.		
Pennsylvania R R		
1st mort bonds	—	103
2nd "	98½	—
stock		
Interest off	43	43½
Cam & Amboy 6 pr ct bonds 1864	95	97
stock	121½	122½
Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds '70	—	84
mort 6's '44	—	—
" '58	72	73½
stock	39½	39½
Lehigh Valley R R mort 6 pr ct	89	90
stock	44	44½
Phila, Wil & Balt stock	37	—
6 pr ct loan '80	93	—
Ches Val R R 7s	—	42½
Tioga R R 7s	83	85
Will'ms & Elmira 7's 1st mort	70½	—
2d "	—	57
stock	10	10½
Catawissa	64	—
Beaver Meadow stock	—	59½
preferred 10 pr ct	52	—
North Penna R R stock	10	10½
6 pr ct loan	85½	—
Phil Ger & Nor R R stock	52½	54½
6 pr ct loan	—	100
Minehill R R	59	—
Har and Lan R R stock	33½	39
bonds '69	94	96
L. Schuy kill R R stock	—	25½
Long Island R R stock	11½	—
bonds	82	86
Erie R R stock	14½	—
Hudson River R R	33½	—
N Y Central "	84½	—
Michigan Central "	47½	48½
Illinois "	62½	—
Michigan Southern "	44½	—
CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Sch'll Nav 6 pr ct		
com '96	72½	75
imp. 6 pr ct	74	74
stock	9½	—
preferred	17½	—
Lehigh Nav stock	49	—
mort 6 pr ct	—	100
scrip	27½	28
Morris Canal's	67½	68
preferred	104½	105
Ches & Del.	—	43
bonds	75½	—
Union	2½	3
bonds	90½	—
Sus & Tidewater	2	3
Bonds 1870	91½	—

☞ On the Georges.—Landor condenses Thackeray's lectures into a thimble:

George the First was reckoned vile:
Viler, George the Second.
And what mortal ever heard
Any good of George the Third?
When from earth the Fourth ascended,
God be praised, the Georges ended!

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
DEXTER & BROTHER, Nos. 14 & 16 Ann St., N. Y.
ROSS & TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St., N. Y.
HENRY TAYLOR, Baltimore, Md.
BURNHAM, FEDERHEN & CO., Boston, Mass.
SAFFORD & PARR, Norwich, Conn.
HUNT & MINER, Pittsburg.
S. W. PEASE & CO., 128 West 6th St., Cincinnati, O.
McNALLY & CO., 75 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.
A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
HAGAN & BROTHER, Nashville, Tenn.
ELI ADAMS, Davenport, Iowa.
E. SEMON, Richmond, Va.
MILTON BOULEMET, Mobile, Ala.
J. C. MORGAN, New Orleans, La.
JAMES DAVENPORT, St. Paul, Minnesota.

Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

COLDS, COUGHS, AND ASTHMA—THE STANDARD REMEDY.

Rocky Springs, Miss.; Feb. 1st, 1853.

Dr. D. Jayne—Sir:—I feel that I am only doing a duty in publicly stating my gratitude for the benefit that I have received from the use of your EXPECTORANT, which has given me EASE and COMFORT, after years of GRIEVOUS suffering. I took cold whilst on a campaign, and have suffered almost an excruciating death. I was so bad that I could not lie down, but had to sit in a chair for weeks at a time; but now, thanks be to Providence, and your medicine, I enjoy refreshing sleep in my bed, and am quite a new being. As soon as I find an attack coming on I take some of the Expectorant, and ward it off. I would not, for the world, be without a supply of your medicine. I am, sir, yours, with respect,

Samuel M. Throckmorton.

CONSUMPTIVES, DO YOU WANT PROOF?

East Orange, Ohio, Feb. 12th, 1858.

Dr. D. Jayne & Son.—Gentlemen:—Your medicines are very popular with us, and meet with a ready sale. The Alternative has been used with great success in cases of Fits. The Expectorant is excellent for Coughs, Colds, &c. *A Lady* of this place was very *low with Consumption*, her case so hopeless that she was pronounced incurable by several physicians, but, however, she gained her health by the use of the Expectorant and Alterative. U. H. Hyde & Son.

"NOR COULD I REST FOR EVEN A MOMENT."

Cow Hill, Hunt Co., Texas, Jan. 6, 1858.

Dr. D. Jayne: Sir—I have been, for many years, afflicted with Asthma, which caused me to suffer very much; at times I could scarcely breathe, nor could I rest for even a moment, either by day or night. The use of three bottles of your Expectorant gave me immediate relief, and now I enjoy good health. Sarah A. Jackson.

"AND HAVE INVARIABLY FOUND RELIEF."

Drewsville, N. H., March 6, 1858.

Dr. D. Jayne:—Sir—Within the last three years I have been a great deal troubled with a cold, cough, and soreness of the throat and lungs, for which I have used your Expectorant, and have invariably found relief. I earnestly recommend it to all persons thus afflicted.

Francis G. Drew.

IN WHOOPING COUGH "IT DID NOT FAIL TO CURE."

Extract of a letter from Mr. Maurice Schwarz, Concord, Wisconsin, dated Jan. 12th, 1858:

"When the Whooping Cough prevailed to some extent at our place, the disease seemed to baffle our physicians. In various cases the Expectorant was used, and it did not fail to cure."

SHORTNESS OF BREATH.

"It gives the quickest relief of any medicine I ever tried."

Ozark, Jackson county, Iowa, Aug. 11th, 1858.

I hereby certify, that for a number of years I have made use of Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant for Coughs, Colds and Shortness of Breath. My family have also used it, and I can safely say that it gives the quickest relief of any medicines that I ever tried, and I feel conscientious when I recommend it to the public.

J. E. Hildreth, Agent.

The "EXPECTORANT" is prepared only by DR. D. JAYNE & SON, 242 CHESTNUT Street, below Third, Phila.

AFFLICTION.

Why will you suffer the terrors and afflictions incident to a disordered state of the liver or digestive organs, when a certain remedy is within your reach?—HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS will cure you. If you will only discard your prejudice, and give this article a trial, you will never regret it. Your stomach will be strengthened and regain its original vigor, and you will be able to digest your food satisfactorily. These Bitters are for sale by all druggists and dealers in medicines at 75 cents per bottle.

NO WONDER.—So many worthless medicines are advertised for the cure of various diseases, and when tried, "found wanting" that the invalid loses all faith in specifics. We have yet to learn, however, of the first failure of Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, to cure coughs, colds, and pulmonary diseases.

☞ Buy none unless it has the *written* signature of "*I. Butts*" on the wrapper.

THE STOCK MARKET.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady.

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct, 1856	105	—
" " '62	105	—
" " '67	113¾	—
" " '68	113¾	—
" 6 " coupon '74	104	—
Phila 6 pr ct, old	99½	—
" " new	103	—
" 5 "	94	—
Penn 6 pr ct	70	71
" 6 coupon	—	66
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" County "	—	—
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Mechanics	22	23½
Southwark	93	—
P Township	—	37½
Kensington	06½	—
Girard	—	13½
Western	—	98
Man & Mech	—	27
Commerce	85	—
Tradesman's	100	—
City	85	—
Consolidation	26	26½
Commonwealth	22½	25
Corn Exchange	24	—
Germantown	76	—
Pittsburg, Pittsb'g	57	—
Exchange "	57	—
Kentucky Ky.	112	—
Northern "	120	—
Louisville "	105	109
Farmers "	130½	—
Canton, Nash, Tenn	99	—
Planters "	104	105
N O Gas Light	108	—
Com & R R Bank	—	—
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preferred	104½	105
Ches & Del.	—	43
bonds	75½	—
Union	2½	3
bonds	90½	—
Sus & Tidewater	2	3
Bonds 1870	91½	—

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 20th ultimo, by the Rev. J. C. Clay, D.D., Mr. Michael Sullivan, of N. Y. to Miss Mary J. Ash, of this city.

On the 21st ultimo, by the Rev. Geo. Chandler, Mr. James Crumley, to Miss Agnes Watson.

On the 23d ultimo, by the Rev. Jas. Neill, Mr. Fred. Decklenburg, to Miss Martha Beatty, both of this city.

On the 1st ultimo, by the Rev. And. Manship, Mr. John Van B. Drum, to Miss Anna M. Garey, both of this city.

On the 26th of Oct. by the Rev. J. A. McKean, J. W. Irwin, to Miss Isabella Harper, both of this city.

On the 13th ultimo, by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, Mr. Edwin H. Perkins, of Norfolk, Va. to Miss Margaret P. Miller, of this city.

On the 20th ultimo, by the Rev. W. Kenney Mr. James Bain, Jr. to Miss Eliza J. Steelman, both of this city.

On the 20th ultimo, by the Rev. W. Bishop, Mr. William S. Maguire, to Miss Sarah E. Boulden, both of this city.

On the 20th ultimo, by the Rev. John Patton, Edward B. Thornton, to Amelia Audibert, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 24th ultimo, Mrs. Jane, wife of the late Henry S. Brown, aged 31 years.

On the 24th ultimo, Mrs. Mary Mellot, aged 63 years.

On the 24th ultimo, John E. Cook, aged 43.

On the 24th ultimo, Anna Louisa, daughter of Jos. and Anna E. Keim, aged 20 years.

On the 24th ultimo, Mrs. Rosanna Kenney, aged 71 years.

On the 23d ultimo, Benj. W. Wade, late of the U. S. Navy, aged 35 years.

At Camden, on the 22d ultimo, Mr. John Freeland, aged 44 years.

On the 23d ultimo, Emma, wife of Saml. R. Wilkins.

On the 24th ultimo, Mrs. Mary Lowry, aged 80 years.

On the 22d ultimo, Marena A. daughter of W. and Martha Smith, aged 23 years.

On the 21st ultimo, James Harmer, aged 55.

On the 23d ultimo, Alexander W. Hamill aged 5 years.

On the 22d ultimo, Mrs. Mary Thornton, aged 41 years.

On the 22d ultimo, Jesse T. Hallowell, aged 32 years.

NEW WORK FOR AGENTS.

Will be published, February 10th, The Life, Speeches and Memorials of

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Old Dominion — Coffee Pots.
Old ominion — Tea Pots.
Old Dominion — Coffee Urns.
Old Dominions — For Hotels.
Old Dominions — For Boarding-Houses.
Old Dominions — For Restaurants.
Old Dominions — For Steamboats.
Old Dominions — For the Million.

Over forty different styles and varieties of the celebrated "Old Dominion" Coffee and Tea Pots are now manufactured. Being based, as Dr. Hall of the Journal of Health says, "on science and common sense," they are rapidly coming into use, and are destined soon to supercede all others. They can be obtained from or ordered through any storekeeper, or dealer in housekeeping articles.

☞ Merchants who have not received our Trade Circular, giving prices, terms, &c., will be immediately supplied on application, by letter, to

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117 & 119 S. Tenth Street, Phila.,
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COLORED AND PLAIN.

Views on glass include the most noted scenes in every country in Europe, in America, in Egypt and the Holy Land, whether their celebrity is owing to natural beauty or historic association. The monuments of Egypt, Jerusalem and its environs, Constantinople and the Golden Horn, Greece and Italy with their classic ruins, the Alps and Pyrenees, the romantic Rhine, the grand Cathedrals, magnificent Palaces, the principal Cities, and all the greatest works of art, ancient and modern, have been prepared for the stereoscope with the most exquisite skill and the most astonishing fidelity.

Paper views include landscapes and noted edifices in America, England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, France, Spain, Germany and Holland. These vary in degree of photographic excellence, but all have the wonderful stereoscopic effect, and convey the most faithful impression of the objects which they represent. In addition to out-door views, the pictures on paper comprise a great variety of scenes, or tableaux vivants, such as *Ball Rooms, Pic-nics, Fireside* and *Family Groups*, Characters and Situations from the drama, Still Life, such as *Game, Fruits* and *Flowers, Statuary, &c., &c.*

An instrument, with one dozen Pictures,	$3
An instrument, with one dozen Pictures,	4
An instrument, with one dozen Pictures,	5
An instrument, with one dozen Pictures,	6
An instrument, with one dozen Pictures,	8
An instrument, with one dozen Pictures,	9
An instrument, with one dozen Pictures,	10
An instrument, with one dozen Pictures,	11
An instrument, with one dozen Pictures,	12
An instrument, on stand, with one dozen Pictures,	10
An instrument, on stand, with one dozen Pictures,	12
An instrument, for parlor, of rosewood, to hold 45 Elliott's and others' finest Paper Pictures,	45
An instrument, with 25 Glass Pictures,	67
An instrument, with 25 Glass Pictures, colored and plain,

Wit and Humor.

FRENCH WITTICISMS.

The Patriotism of Madame Rachel.—It is now well known that the wondrous Rachel had, under the pretext of tragedy, a mission to Russia, the object of which was to rid the enemy during the late war of all the loose coin that was in circulation. She acquitted herself conscientiously of this task; she took away with her 700,000f., not to mention that when the circulating medium became almost extinct, she also took away all that could be easily converted into money, in the shape of pins, rings, bracelets, and other jewelry. Even young Raphael, her brother, succeeded in carrying off 400,000f. Rare example of patriotism at so tender an age!

Balloon Ascents.—Why are people so partial to balloon ascents? The secret is, that they always tacitly hope to see an accident.—When Van Amburg said to Harel, of the Porte Saint-Martin, that he managed his beasts so as to give a perfect sense of safety to the spectators, "That won't do," said Harel; "you must leave a probability of being eaten up one day, or nobody will come to see you." The story of the man who followed Van Amburg all over the world not to miss that critical day, must have been got up by some home or continental Barnum.

Public Caprice.—There is a great deal of chance success in Paris. The public will not have the same thing over again. Some time back a workman was buried under a slip of earth. For eight days nothing was talked about but Dufavel. Was he alive? had he been heard? does he get his soup through the leathern tube? when will he be extricated? When at length he was rescued, people embraced one another in the streets, and opened their purses. "Dufavel" was introduced to the public at the Ambigu-Comique—most ambiguous comedy it was; he was the giraffe, the hippopotamus of his day. But some time afterwards five workmen were placed in the same predicament as Dufavel had been, only they could not get any soup down to them.—Their names were never mentioned; the public mind had had enough of being buried alive, and took no interest whatsoever in their fate. To have proposed a play on the subject would have brought down the broom-handle of the establishment on the head of the witless miscalculator of his time. The public were at that moment occupied, besides, with a blind man's dog, whose master being dead, the animal used to go, bowl in mouth, by himself to the old place. The public took so to the dog that it died of a surfeit, and twelve thousand francs in gold were found in its mattress!—at least, so the inheritor said.

The War Correspondents.—The wits of Paris are not necessarily belligerent. When the war broke out in the East, crowds of clever correspondents congregated in Constantinople. They were, however, more wanted on the Danube, and were applied to accordingly.

"But," they said, with a unanimous voice, "has not the Times its correspondent on the Danube, and does not that suffice for all?"

"It had; but alas! he had been taken by the Russians and shot!" was the ready reply.

"Indeed! The prospect for a man of letters is not then a very agreeable one?"

"But he shall be revenged!"

"No doubt! and we will remain here to do justice to the details."

The Opera Troupe.—A clever projector had undertaken to convey an opera troupe to the marshes of the Mississippi. One day, during a brief respite from sea-sickness, the party met on deck. One began to hum; then another; then another; so on with five.

"What is this?" they exclaimed; "five tenors in one troop! We have been deceived!" They hurried to the impresario; "Treachery!" they exclaimed; "you solemnly promised that *I* should be the only tenor of the troop."

"Gentlemen, calm yourselves," quietly replied the director. "During the first week that we shall be in New Orleans two will have fallen victims to the yellow fever, two will have died of rehearsals, and the one that survives will be the tenor without a rival."

From that moment cordiality reigned on board. Among true artists, the only chance of keeping down the fever of rivalry is to hold out the hopes of the rivals' death.

The Incorruptible Press.—The incorruptibility of the feuilletonist may be judged of by the following fact: A director was vaunting the success of a new piece—

"Why," he said, "the very check-taker is rubbing his hands; put that in. Tell the public that the check-taker is rubbing his hands with glee."

"I cannot, sir."

"Cannot! Why not?"

"Because, sir, the check-taker has only one hand."

The Grateful Artist.—The Duke of Nemours once sent his steward to inquire of an artist on whom he wished to confer a snuff-box as a mark of his approbation to ascertain if such a present would be acceptable. The offer was received with enthusiasm. "Where shall I send it?" inquired the envoy. "Oh, if you would be kind enough," replied the artist, "to pawn it on the way, you can let me have the money."

The Grave-Digger.—"Miserable man!" said an officer, who was passing by a grave-digger the evening after a battle, "why, you have just tumbled in a man who still breathed!"

"Oh, sir," replied the grave-digger, "it is easy to see that you are not accustomed to it as I am. If I were to stop to listen to them, there would never be one of them dead."

Medical Science.—M. Feuillet was travelling in a steamboat at a time when an explosion took place. M. F. was transfixed by an iron spit seven feet long. The spit went in at the abdomen and passed out at the back, so that there was three feet of the spit in front and three feet of the spit behind. M. F. was conveyed to the nearest hotel. His position demanded all the resources of art. A surgeon was accordingly sent for, who, on arriving, felt the patient's pulse, and asked him where he was suffering."

"In the abdomen!" replied the wounded man.

"Indeed! How did it happen to you?"

The patient thereupon detailed the sad incident of his being transfixed. The surgeon shook his head, and resumed:

"Are they subject to this accident, sir, in your family?"

"No," replied the patient, "not that I know. My father and mother are very old, and have never been spitted. So with regard to my brothers and sisters, and my uncles and aunts."

"Very well, sir. I required that information in order to give a correct prognosis. You experience, I suppose, sir, considerable difficulty in lying on your back?"

"Yes, sir; it is indeed impossible."

"It is not any easier for you to lie on your stomach?"

"True, sir, I experience precisely the same difficulty."

"It must therefore be much easier for you to lie on your side?"

"True, sir, that is the only position I can lie in."

"That will suffice, sir. It only remains to determine upon the treatment. Here the indications are very precise; either we can leave the spit, but then there is inflammation to be dreaded; or we can extract it, but then it is not likely that you will survive the operation. Science, sir, has its limits; your fate is in your own hands; you must decide for either one treatment or the other."

A Sensitive Lady.—There were ladies going to spend twelve days at Etretat, and asking husband, brother and the whole universe, if six hats and twenty dresses were enough.—Then there were gentlemen bound to the seaside:

"Adieu, *mon ami*," sobbed the wife that was left behind; "mind you write to me.—Have you got the list in your shoes? Take care of your black coat. Above all, let me know *when you are coming back*. You know that I cannot bear the emotion of surprises!"

Aphorisms Amended.—There are many persons who cannot speak in sensible, commonplace terms. They are always on stilts, and aim to carve out their language in blank verse. Instead of simply saying, for example, "*He Acknowledges the Corn*," they would render it about thus:—

He doth, by troth, with most ingenious humor,
Confess th' impeachment, common fame hath bruited,
That with it carries conviction of the maize.

While on the subject, we will enumerate a few other trite sayings, accompanied with renderings after the manner of these dignified bores:—

"*It's a Long Lane That has No Turn*"—
The way that deviates nor right nor left,
But onward leads through space interminable,
May be, by fair construction deemed of length
Somewhat respectable.

"*The Longest Pole Knocks Down the Persimmons*"—
It is an axiom well received, I ween,
That, of the slender scions of the forest,
The one which, in a longitudinal sense,
Eclipses the pretensions of its fellows,
May oscilate until their speedy fall,
The staple fruit of Carolina State.

"*A Fine Stand for a Grocery*"—
A most commodious site,
Where all the multitudinous fruits of earth,
That nourish and regale the inner man,
Are held to barter.

"*Old Hoss, I'll See You in the Fall*"—
When 'neath a canopy of golden leaves,
'Mid all the purple glories of her state,
Summer, in fragrance, breathes her life away,
And sober autumn is enthroned instead,
I'll meet thee, antiquated steed.

Scene in a School-Room.—The Springfield Republican is responsible for the following:

Come here, George, I wish to examine you in punctuation. What's that?

George—That? that's comma.

Mistress—Right; now what's that?

George—Ah! now you've got me where my hair's short; I dun kno.

Mistress—George, I do not wish you to use any slang phrases here. When you are unable to give correct replies, say so, but do not repeat such phrases as that which you have just used. Now, what's that?

George—I dun kno.

Mistress—Don't know what that is? Why that's a period.

George (looking critically at the point in question)—Ha! ha! ha! Now I've got you where your hair's short; that ain't nothin' only a fly-dirt!

Mistress (re-examining critically)—George, you are dismissed.

A Tough Story.—The village of B——— was often visited by flocks of wild geese, which occasionally stopped over night, and continued their journey next morning.

They came one intensely cold winter night and settled down on farmer H———'s field.—He was in want of game and anxious to secure some, but not having ammunition, he did not know what do do. After deliberating a long while, and when about to give up the idea of taking some of the geese, a plan struck him which he concluded to adopt forthwith.

He went to his pond, opened the flood gate, and let the water run slowly on his field till it was covered to the depth of an inch and a-half.

In the morning, when the geese attempted to fly away, they found to their great astonishment, that they were *frozen in!*—*New York Picayune.*

The Sleep of Plants.—A beautiful illustration of the sleep of plants was discovered by Linnæus. The leaves of the common chickweed stellaria medica—every night approach each other in pairs, so as to include within their upper surfaces the tender rudiments of the young shoots; and the uppermost pair but one at the end of the stalk are furnished with longer leaf stalks than the others, so that they can close upon the terminating pair, and protect the end of the shoot. Thus are exemplified the conjugal love and the parental care of the plants.

JUVENILE ETYMOLOGY.

Master Jack.—"Mamma dear! Now isn't this called Kissmas time, because everybody kisses everybody under the Mistletoe? Ada says, it isn't."

Agricultural.

THE LOIS-WEEDON PRACTICE.

FROM THE LONDON AGRICULTURAL GAZETTE.

The Lois-Weedon mode of growing Wheat consists essentially in the deep cultivation (during the growth of the crop) of wide fallowed intervals between adjacent triplet rows—which intervals are the seed bed of next year's produce. As you walk *across* the field you traverse alternate stripe of plant and fallow—three rows a foot apart and then a yard-wide blank. These blanks being deeply and diligently cultivated during the autumn, winter, spring, and even summer, while the plant is sprouting, growing, and even maturing, are at once the feeding ground of the growing crop, and the storehouse of food for the triplet rows of plants which next year they are to bear. These triplet rows thus yield a good average crop (35 bushels) per acre annually and perpetually on what is really the moisty of the acre where they grow. This they have yielded twelve times in the last twelve years at an annual cost, including rent, of about £7 an acre—and the average produce of the later years is higher than the average of the former of the series.

That is the fact. Why is it not more generally acted on? It is not incredible; let us treat it as if he were a stranger who describes an experience so remarkable. It is not incredible. These fallow intervals, though unmanured directly by the hand of man, are indirectly abundantly supplied with the food the wheat plant needs. Both ammoniacal manures and mineral manures are added in abundance. That the fertility of the soil is unimpaired is proved by the increasing crops it yields. The deep and frequent tillage brings the matter of the subsoil and the soil more thoroughly under the action of the rain water and the air, and the silicates and phosphates and alkalies, of which the store is practically inexhaustible, are made ready in abundance for the use of the growing plant. The porous and friable condition of the land too under this treatment is just such as enables the absorption and retention of the largest quantity of the ammonia of the air, and this accordingly is also furnished in abundance to the growing plant, as well as stored up for the next year's crop. There is thus nothing in the experience, when considered along with the practice, rendering it inherently improbable; or requiring us to look with more than ordinary care for the mistake which has been made. That it has all been as is here described every one at once admits—and that it will continue so to be we confidently believe—there is no error of observation or description to vitiate the account which has been published.

There have been two obstacles hindering the general adoption of Lois-Weedon culture. One of them is the alleged failure attending it elsewhere; and more especially its failure on the farm of Mr. Lawes, at Rothamstead, as published in the Journal of the English Agricultural Society. But this, described by Mr. Lawes himself, was not the failure of Lois-Weedon practice, but of something very different which no one could expect to have succeeded. "If," says the author of the pamphlet, "Mr. Lawes had really carried out the plan, and found by unmistakeable signs, that, notwithstanding a proved abundance of mineral food, his wheat crops failed year after year for want of available nitrogen, I could have understood and valued the well-intentioned experiment. Or, if he had erred in the execution of some minor detail, it might have been overlooked. But I am compelled to say that in every essential point the conditions of the plan have been so utterly disregarded as to vitiate the experiment altogether."

The other difficulty in the way of Lois-Weedon culture, is the extra labor it involves at particular periods of the year, which is the only real obstacle to its general adoption; but that even this is insurmountable we do not believe.

To Measure Corn in the Ear.—Find the cubic inches in the bin, divide by 2,815, the cubic inches in a heaped bushel, and take two-thirds of the quotient for the number of bushels of shelled corn. This is upon the rule of giving three heaping half bushels of ears to make a bushel of grain; some fall short, and some overrun this measure.—*Ohio Farmer.*

Management of Coarse-Wool or Mutton Sheep.—Food and shelter are very essential in the management of any kind of sheep, and the sheep that are well provided with both, are very sure to do well, and without them they must certainly run down and become worthless. In fact, I have obtained more clear profit from sheep than any other stock on the premises. I have always found that the great success in raising lambs depended on the time I turned in my buck. I found from experience, that I had always been in too much of a hurry—had my lambs too soon. From the 20th of November to the 1st of December, is the best time to turn in. Then your lambs will come when there is plenty of grass; and then you will have plenty of milk for the young lambs, and you will find them large, strong and fat, and they will grow rapid enough.

Lambs that are docked and castrated the first week of their existence, will do the best; for if left until one or two months old, the use of the knife will stop the growth, and sometimes cause death in a few days. Young lambs seldom mind the knife more than one day.

To keep the ewes strong and healthy, they should be separated from the rest of the flock, and fed some grain—about half a pint each per day of corn and oats in equal parts, with a few pine boughs, or a little tar laid in the feeding trough will answer the same purpose. Begin to feed grain about the 15th of February, and keep it up until there is a full bite of grass. Then your ewes will go through strong and hearty.

To mark sheep well, you must cut out the initials of your name in the end of a block of wood, dip the letters into some red or black paint, and apply it on one side of the rump of the ewes, and on the shoulders of the male sheep or wethers; and if you have dry ewes and fat wethers, which you intend to put off, you may apply the marker on the opposite side. Then you can tell at a distance those you want to pick out of the flock.

To keep off dogs, put on one good plated bell for every twenty sheep, and you will escape the depredations of the canine tribe; for let an old dog start up a good loud bell, and he will drop his tail and leave forthwith, for he wants to go it on the sly. But sometimes a young fool of a dog will chase after a bell, and bark, too.—*Genesee Farmer.*

Cutting Grafts.—For the Northern and Middle States, the present is a good month for cutting scions. If it is intended to propagate currant bushes or gooseberries, take cuttings now before the sap starts, and bury them in sand in the cellar. And so, if grafts are wanted of the apple or pear or cherry, let them be got soon, and either buried in the garden in a dry place, or, what is better, be taken into the cellar and covered with damp sand or moss or saw-dust. What is needed is to keep them just damp enough to prevent their shrivelling, and cold enough to prevent the buds starting before they are wanted in the spring. In cutting scions, remember that only the wood of the last season's growth is of any use, and that it should be plump and healthy. After being gathered, tie each sort in a bundle by itself, and attach a label to it, so that no mistake shall occur through forgetfulness of names or mixture of sorts. Between this time and spring, overhaul the bundles once or twice, to see that they are in a good state of preservation.—*American Agriculturist.*

Heating Water Expeditiously.—Having lived several years in Western New York, and not having heard there of any more expeditious way of heating water for scalding hogs than the old way of heating in kettles, I think it would be of great value to the farmers of that section to know of the following manner which I have seen tried and know it is more economical, and avoids all danger of being scalded by dipping and carrying hot water: Fill your scalding tub as full as you wish with cold water, and then heat it by means of a heated cast-iron—which will be more handy to be in such a shape that you can attach a piece of trace chain to it. A small fire built on the ground, of refuse wood, will be sufficient to heat an iron of 25 pounds, twice, much quicker than the amount of water could be heated in a kettle, and after the water is once made hot and used, it may be made to boil by once heating and submerging the iron. Try it.—*Rural New Yorker.*

☞ Useful Rubbish.—To keep water out, use pitch; to keep it in, use a pitcher.

Shoe your Ladders.—Every ladder, large or small, should have iron points at the bottom end, to enter the ground, and prevent accidents. To make such an iron, take almost any old piece of iron about a foot in length, and have one end drawn to a point, and three or four holes punched in, and screw it firmly to the under side of one of the ladder sides, letting the sharp point extend about three inches beyond the end of the wood. Such a fixture will cost about two dimes, and will hold the foot of a ladder, when setting it up will prevent its slipping, even on the ice, keeping one from falling, and save one's bones from being broken, and the long catalogue of ills which follow it.

A Brave Boy.—The Earl of Dundonald, in his narrative of his services in the liberation of Chili, Peru and Brazil, says:—In one action my little boy had a narrow escape. As the story has been told by several Chilian writers somewhat incorrectly, I will recapitulate the circumstances. When the firing commenced, I had placed the boy in my after-cabin, locking the door upon him; but not liking the restriction, he contrived to get through the quarter gallery window, and joined me on deck, refusing to go down again. As I could not attend to him, he was permitted to remain, and, in a miniature midshipman's uniform, which the seaman had for him, was busying himself in handing powder to the gunners. Whilst thus employed, a round shot took off the head of a marine close to him, scattering the unlucky man's brains in his face. Instantly recovering his self-possession, to my great relief, for believing him killed, I was spell-bound with agony, he ran up to me exclaiming, "I am not hurt, pa: the shot did not touch me; Jack says the ball is not made that can kill mamma's boy." I ordered him to be carried below; but, resisting with all his might, he was permitted to remain on deck during the action.

Filibusters.—The title of filibusters is a mere corruption of the English word freebooters—a German term imported into England during the Low-Country wars of Elizabeth's reign. It has been erroneously traced to the Dutch word *flyboat;* but the Jesuit traveller Charlevoix asserts that, in fact, this species of craft derived its title from being first used by the filibusters, and not from its swiftness. This, however, is evidently a mistake, as Drayton and Hakluyt use the word; and it seems to be even of earlier standing in the French language. The derivation from the English word freebooter is at once seen, when the *s* in filibuster becomes lost in pronunciation.—*G. W. Thornbury.*

Useful Receipts.

Gutta Percha Soles.—Dry the old sole, mark it well with a rasp, and rub on with the finger a thin, warm solution of gutta percha. Dry it; hold it to the fire, and while warm, rub on another coat of *thicker* solution. Take the gutta percha sole, soften it in hot water, wipe it, and holding both sole and shoe to the fire until warm, lay the sole on gradually, beginning at the toe. In half-an-hour pare it neatly with a knife.

Pimples on the Skin.—Mix some milk of sulphur, or flour of sulphur, with a little lard or butter, into an ointment; rub well into the skin, and it will often remove them in a day or two.

The value of vinegar in economical cookery may be tested by the use of the following recipe:—Take some meat from the coarsest joints of the ox, such as the leg, shin, or sticking pieces, cut it in slices of two or three ounces each, dip each piece in good vinegar, and then pack the whole in a stewpan, with onions, turnips, or other vegetable, cut small, without water; cover it closely, and let it stand by the side of the fire for six or eight hours; it will then be found to be thoroughly done, and to have yielded abundance of gravy, being at the same time remarkably tender. The only precaution necessary is that the heat should never be suffered to approach the boiling point. Or the meat, vegetables, and flavoring materials may be placed in an earthen ware jar, which can be closely tied down, and then placed in a large saucepan of water, or very slow oven. This mode of cooking is applicable to any kind of meat, and will be found exceedingly economical, giving little trouble, and furnishing a very nutritious, digestible and delicious food. The acid of the vinegar is entirely dissipated during the process.

Consumption.—A physician of the homœopathic school has furnished us with the following recipe for the weakening night sweats that are so common in consumptive cases. It is to rub the patient, every three or four days, all over with olive oil. By this means the perspiration will be reduced, and the strength of the sufferer be kept up.—*Scientific American.*

Doughnuts—A New Plan.—Many persons are troubled with "weak digestion" (dyspepsia), and the large amount of lard or grease absorbed by doughnuts does not always "set well," but produces a "rising in the stomach." When this is the case try our invention. The doughnuts being prepared as usual, just before immersing them in the hot fat, plump them into a well-beaten egg. This will give a thin coating of albumen, which will keep out the grease effectually. Furthermore, this coating will retain the moisture, and make them keep in good condition much longer than if not thus treated.—*Amer. Agriculturist.*

Chilblains.—Twenty years ago I suffered most intensely from chilblains, and tried this, that and the other remedy (so called) without effect, until I read in a paper the following recipe:—

"To one part muriatic acid, add six parts water, and bathe the parts affected every night."

This I did, and obtained immediate relief.—Four applications of it effected a perfect cure: and for the last twenty years I have not had a recurrence of the complaint.

I have also had occasion to recommend it to others in a multiplicity of instances, and without a single failure.—*Corres. of Massachusetts Ploughman.*

The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 23 letters.

My 18, 5, 15, 18, 3, 2, is a river in Asia.
My 6, 12, 17, 15, 3, 4, 21, 14, 12, is one of the United States.
My 20, 17, 3, 18, 9, 10, is a county in New York.
My 19, 7, 18, 7, 21, 22, 5, is the capital of one of the United States.
My 2, 5, 1, 6, 12, 8, 10, 4, is a cape on the Atlantic coast of the United States.
My 17, 3, 7, 21, 14, is a river in North Carolina.
My 20, 8, 5, 15, 18, 12, is a county in Florida.
My 19, 14, 8, 7, is a part of South America.
My 9, 15, 16, 3, 19, 12, 8, is a river in Russia.
My 4, 3, 16, 16, 17, 14, is a river in France.
My 3, 7, 21, 6, 8, 16, 10, is a part of Europe.
My 13, 16, 8, 18, 16, 15, 16, 8, is one of the United States.
My 4, 16, 8, 9, 18, 15, 16, 10, is an island in the Mediterranean Sea.
My 19, 5, 16, 18, 7, 6, 11, is a part of South America.

My whole is a name with which you are all familiar. ENIGMATIST.

Elk Horn, Wisconsin.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first, a cross of the ape and clown,
Is often seen in every town.
With head erect filled with conceit,
I promenade the crowded street.

I court and gain the ladies' smile,
And sometimes too their wits beguile.
One of the *ton* I'd feign be reckoned,
And glory when I'm called my second.

My second roams with conscious power,
'Neath sunny skies and sylvan bower.
His will is law, he ne'er turns back,
And wo to those who cross his track.

My whole adorns the fields in May,
Is sometimes garnered with the hay;
Is often picked by little girls,
And formed into fantastic curls.

Waupun, Wis. FLORIDA.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a nuisance
Wherever it goes,
A pest to the farmer.
As every one knows

My second is most worn
By ladies so fair,—
A beautiful flower.
My whole I declare.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

During my whole a nice young pair
Stood gazing upon my second;
When he purloined a kiss from her,
Just like my first he reckoned.

Brooksville, Ky. SANTA ANNA.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is what my last should be to make my whole.

Washington, D. C. H. M. C.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Two farmers, A and B, purchased a tract of land containing three hundred acres, for which they paid $600. They wish to divide the tract into two farms, so that A will pay 25 cents per acre *more* than B, and each one to pay an equal portion of the purchase money ($300 a-piece). How many acres will each man have, and what will it cost him per acre? J. P.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ What tune can make every one glad? Ans.—Fortune.

☞ What post is never a welcome guest? Ans.—Impost.

☞ What machine is sometimes seen in a ball-room? Ans.—A spinning-jenny.

☞ What is the easiest fence a sportsman ever took? Ans.—Offence.

☞ Why is love like a glass of champagne? Ans.—Because it is very exciting, and soon loses its briskness.

CURIOSITIES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Buttons manufactured from the horns of the moon.
A muzzle for dog wood
A feather from the right wing of a hospital.
A stave from a hog's head (hogshead).
A brush to correspond with the comb of a rooster.
A leaf from the book of knowledge.
A saddle for a clothes horse.

Francisville, Pulaski Co., Indiana. R. E. S.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—Ferdinand De Soto. GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—Anne Louise Germaine Necker Stael. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—Young Men's Christian Association. RIDDLE—The letter E. CHARADE—Pant-a-loon.

Curious Historical Fact.—During the troubles in the reign of Charles I., a country girl came to London in search of a place as a servant-maid; but not succeeding, she hired herself to carry out beer from a brew-house, and was one of those called tub-women. The brewer, observing a good-looking girl in this low occupation, took her into his family as a servant, and, after a short time, married her; but he died while yet she was a young woman, and left her the bulk of his fortune. The business of the brewery was dropped, and to the young woman Mr. Hyde was recommended as a skillful lawyer to arrange her husband's affairs. Hyde, who was afterwards the great Earl of Clarendon, finding the widow's fortune considerable, married her. Of this marriage there was no other issue than a daughter, who was afterwards the wife of James II., and mother of Mary and Anne, Queens of England.